

See Treasure Island Fantastic Film!

May 

TARGET

COMICS

10¢

Featuring
WHITE STREAK
CHAMELEON
SPACEHAWK

Down the dungeon steps
raced the **TARGET** and
TARGETEERS, gaining fast
on the fleeing hoodlums.



Vol. 2 No. 3

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YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$1⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$1⁰⁰

Dear Readers:

Your interesting letters continue to come in by the score, and again we thank you all for your assistance in helping the editors make TARGET a better magazine.

Everyone seems to like the Target and the Targeteers and readers are forming "Targeteer" clubs throughout the country. If you have formed a club of this type, be sure and tell us about it.

The majority of readers prefer to have the prize coupons left out of TARGET so this will be done. If you have any coupons on hand, send them in for the prize you want. If you have one less coupon than the prize circular calls for, send them in anyhow, and we will forward the prize. (This offer is void in any state or municipality where the redemption of coupons is prohibited, taxed, or restricted.)

Cordially yours,
The Editors

Dear Editors:

I believe in Americanism and TARGET COMICS because TARGET is the book that shows good Americanism and good living. White Streak has improved since it first came out.

My brother and I have a Target suit each and we have had very good luck in keeping the kids from misbehaving and annoying other kids that are new in the neighborhood.

Your sincere reader,
George Morton
Olympic, Washington

—(That's fine, George, and always remember that the Target and the Targeteers live for the good they can do.)

Dear Editors:

We are writing to let you know that we enjoy your TARGET COMICS very much. Every time it comes there is always a quarrel deciding who should read it first. Soyl! Why don't you have at least one comic strip about a woman or a girl. Girls like to see what their own sex can do in the TARGET COMICS. But that doesn't mean your comics are not satisfactory. No sir, they are excellent.

Your friend,
Rhoda Sue
San Diego, California

—(Many thanks, Rhoda.)

Dear Editors:

When I buy comics, I like to buy TARGET COMICS and I'll tell you why:—

Your writers describe action I enjoy; My main ambition is to be a boy like K 7 or M 4 in 2 R—Range Riders, Who are rapid thinkers and quick doers!

They're all good in every way My friends, relatives and I all say. So each month, I'll wait by the newsstand

To be one of the first to buy a comic that's good.

Alan Levy
Bronx, New York

—(TARGET goes on sale the last Wednesday of each month, Alan.)

Dear TARGET:

What I like best are the Target and the Targeteers. I like them so much because of their daring acts. I have just asked Mother if she would make me a suit like the Target's. The boys in my neighborhood have organized a club. We call ourselves the "Targeteers". As for the rest of the comics, they're swell too.

Pat Duane
Delinco, Iowa

—(Here's luck to your "Targeteers", Pat.)

Dear Sirs:

My brother owns a confectionery store and I read every comic magazine that comes into our store. Each month I put a sign in our window with the names of the three comic magazines I think are best. This month I had the pleasure of putting TARGET COMICS at the head of the list and I hope I can keep it there. I like the Target and the Spacehawk best and I don't think Spacehawk is too fantastic. I like the White Streak as he is now. I disagree with Emil Brinkman; I think you should leave Bull's Eye Bill alone because I'm tired of super-fantastic men.

Jerry Gach
Detroit, Michigan

—(Jerry, we hope TARGET remains at the top of your window sign from now on.)

Gentlemen:

I have been reading your TARGET for a long time. Some of the boys think it strange for me to have such interest in thrilling stories like TARGET puts out since I am a girl. Boys seem to forget that girls have day dreams too and they aren't always of princes. TARGET is really a fine book but I would suggest you cut out some of the fantastic characters and put more life-like happenings into each story.

Wanda Mae Monton
Lafayette, Louisiana

—(TARGET has thousands of girl readers, Wanda Mae.)

THE TARGET AND

STUPID AMERICANS??
I'LL SHOW THEM!

BY
BOB WOOD

TARGETEERS

A **INVENTIVE GENIUS**, FRED HARTLEY, SUDDENLY GROWS VIOLENTLY INSANE-- TO BECOME A MIGHTY MONSTER OF CRIME -- CRIME AGAINST THE U.S. GOVERNMENT-- STANDING ALONE IN THE PATH OF HIS DESTRUCTIVE ACTIVITIES ARE NILES REED, THE TARGET, AND THE TARGETEERS, DAVE FOSTER AND TOMMY BROWN!

A VOICE, THAT OF HARTLEY, HAS JUST CUT IN ON A NATIONWIDE RADIO BROADCAST, STATING THAT HE IS THE TARGET AND WILL SHOW THAT HE "MEANS BUSINESS" BY DESTROYING THE PUBLIC LIBRARY FIRST.

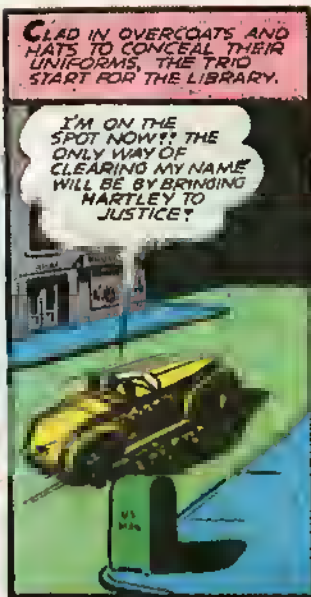
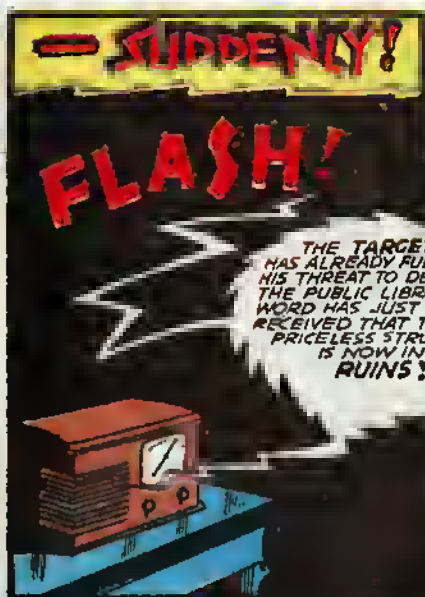
HARTLEY'S NIECE, PAT, WHOM THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS MET UP WITH WHILE OVERCOMING CERTAIN SABOTAGE PLOTS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT?? AT THIS POINT NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW ON JUST WHOSE SIDE OF THE FENCE SHE IS?

THIS IS BAD, BOYS. I DON'T THINK HE'S FOOLING!!

HE MUST BE NILES, HOW COULD HE DESTROY THE LIBRARY?

HE'S PROBABLY JUST BLUFFING!

I DOUBT THAT DAVE HARTLEY'S A MADMAN-- AND HIS INVENTIONS AT HIS COMMAND, THE POWER OF WHICH NO ONE KNOWS!



THE POLICEMAN'S CRY ECHOES ABOUT THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER AND THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS SOON FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED—

WHAT'LL WE DO, TARGET?? WE CAN'T FIGHT THE LAW!!

OFF WITH YOUR COATS, BOYS?

WE CAN'T LET THEM TAKE US EITHER—BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS SOME WAY?

FOR SELF PRESERVATION THE TRIO ARE FORCED TO DO COMBAT WITH THE LAW!

SORRY OFFICER!! BUT YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND! WE'RE NOT CRIMINALS?

WE CAN'T KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER! SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET HURT!! LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR IT?

RATHER THAN INFLICT INJURY UPON THE OFFICERS, THE "ACTION TRIO" MAKES A RUN FOR IT?

AMIDST A FLURRY OF BULLETS THEY BREAK AWAY FROM THE OFFICERS

DON'T WASTE BULLETS ON THEM!

THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS WEAR SUITS OF FLEXIBLE BULLET-PROOF METAL UNDERNEATH THEIR UNIFORMS.

THE TARGETEERS SOON FIND REFUGE IN THE RUINS, BUT IN SO DOING ARE SEPARATED FROM THE TARGET—

DID YOU SEE WHERE THE TARGET, WENT, TOMMY??

NO-HOPE THEY DIDN'T GET HIM?

WHILE IN THE STREET, THE CROWD GROWS AND ANXIETY REIGNS AS WORD IS RECEIVED OF THE PRESENCE OF THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS.

THEY'RE IN THERE?

STAND BACK, EVERYBODY!

ROPE THE PLACE OFF? GET THE FLOOD LIGHTS OUT!

FLOODLIGHTS ARE SOON BROUGHT INTO PLAY FROM NEARBY BUILDINGS.....

THEY'LL NEVER GET AWAY NOW?

AN ODD SITUATION - THREE INNOCENT KNIGHTS OF LAW AND ORDER BEING HUNTED LIKE CRIMINALS - AS HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE CLAMOR FOR THEIR CAPTURE.

GET THE TARGET?

- BUT BEFORE LONG... THE RAY OF A FLOODLIGHT FINDS THE TARGET?

THERE HE IS!!

TAKE HIM ALIVE!

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY - THE TARGETEERS.

HEAR THAT, TOMMY. THEY'VE SPOTTED HIM!!

HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE WITH THAT ANGRY MOB?

TWO POLICEMEN RUSH FOR TARGET.

FROM WHAT I HEAR - CAPTURING THIS GUY ISN'T GONNA BE "DUCK SOUP"!!

- AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE THE TARGETEERS ARE!

NOW YOU KNOW?

HEY DAVE - I GOT AN IDEA -

LOH!

THE OFFICER'S CURIOSITY SOON CEASES - A SURPRISE MOVE ON THE PART OF THE TARGETEERS -

MOMENTS LATER

ALL RIGHT? - I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP - BUT ONLY UNDER ONE CONDITION - THAT YOU ALLOW ME TO KEEP MY IDENTITY CONCEALED.

SOMEHOW I'LL CLEAR MY NAME - AND WHEN I DO....

- BUT THE TARGET RECEIVES A PLEASANT SURPRISE?

DON'T BE SILLY, TARGET. DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE US??

GREAT WORK, BOYS? - AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE.

OKAY? LET'S GO!

A BOLD ACT—THE TARGETEERS LEAD THE TARGET THROUGH THE MOB OF UNSUSPECTING SPECTATORS AND POLICE



THEY'VE CAPTURED THE TARGET

I HOPE HE GETS WHAT'S COMING TO HIM! ANYONE WHO WOULD PULL A STUNT LIKE THIS!

GET THE TARGETEERS TOO!!

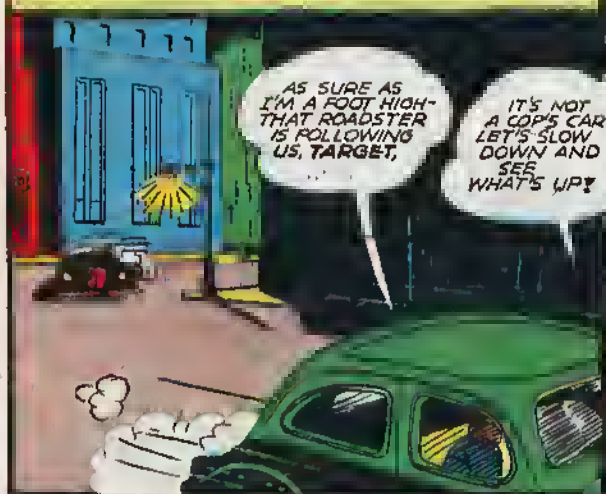
LYNCHING WOULD BE TOO GOOD FOR HIM!

STAND BACK!

WHISKING THE TARGET INTO A POLICE CAR THE TARGETEERS, STILL DISGUISED AS OFFICERS, MAKE AN EASY GETAWAY.



BEFORE LONG THEY NOTICE A CAR TRAILING THEM—



AS SURE AS I'M A FOOT HIGH—THAT ROADSTER IS FOLLOWING US, TARGET,

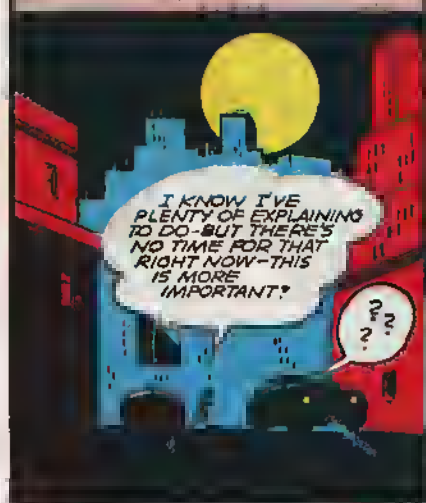
IT'S NOT A COP'S CAR!! LET'S SLOW DOWN AND SEE WHAT'S UP!



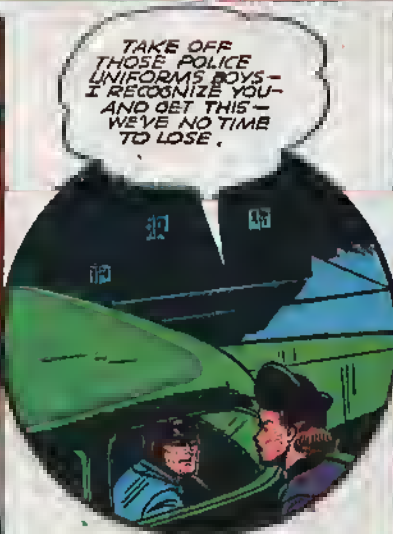
HELLO THERE! REMEMBER ME?

PAT!

THE TWO CARS PULL UP SIDE BY SIDE AND THE "STILL MYSTERIOUS" PAT EMBARKS FROM HER ROADSTER.



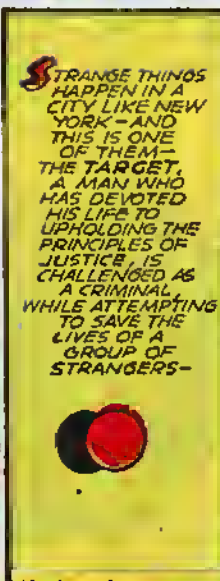
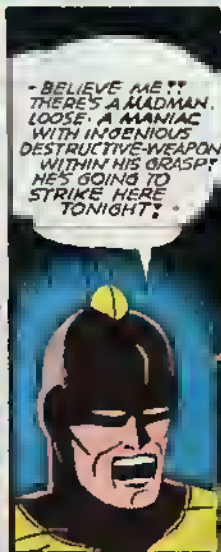
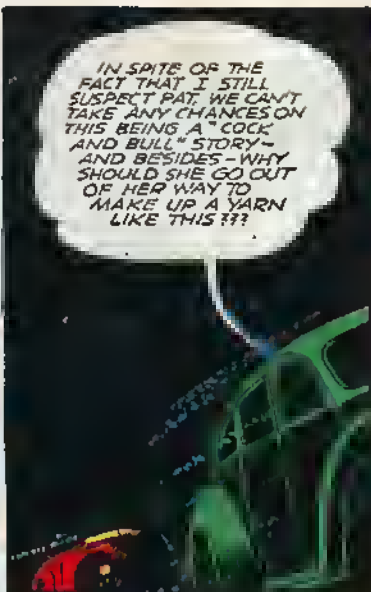
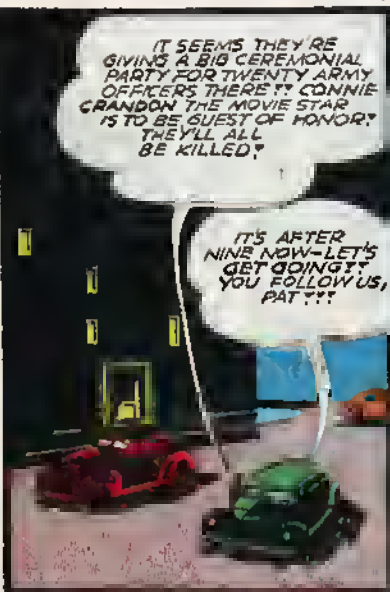
I KNOW I'VE PLENTY OF EXPLAINING TO DO—BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT RIGHT NOW—THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT?



TAKE OFF THOSE POLICE UNIFORMS BOYS—I RECOGNIZE YOU—AND GET THIS—WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE.



I'VE JUST ESCAPED FROM MY UNCLE—HE'S GONE STARK RAVING MAD!!! AT TEN TONIGHT HE'S GOING TO BLOW UP THE 48th STREET ARMORY----



ADHERING
TO THE
COLONEL'S
COMMAND
RATHER
THAN THE
FEELINGS
OF
MISS
CRANDON,
THE
ARMY
OFFICERS
RUSH
FROM
THEIR
SEATS

IF THEY WON'T BELIEVE
US - WE STILL CAN'T LEAVE
THEM HERE TO DIE - WE MUST
GET THEM OUT OF HERE!
NO MATTER HOW WE
DO IT!

YOU
MEAN
BY
FORCE?



ANY WAY - BUT GET
THEM OUT - IT'S ALMOST
TEN NOW! WOMEN
AND CHILDREN
FIRST -



THE TARGET RUSHES FOR
CONNIE CRANDON

I'M GLAD
SOMEONE HAS
FAITH IN ME -
C'MON, FAST BEFORE
THOSE ARMY BOYS
GET IN
OUR WAY -



MEANWHILE THE TARGETEERS ARE
HEEDING THE TARGET'S ADVICE TO RID
THE PLACE OF EVERYONE - NO MATTER HOW
THEY DO IT.

HERE'S TWO
MORE - HOPE
WE GET THEM
ALL OUT OF
HERE IN
TIME!

YOU FELLOWS
WILL INSIST ON
OUR DOING THIS
THE HARD
WAY



- BUT BEFORE THE
TARGET CAN REACH
THE DOOR WITH THE
MOVIE STAR, FIVE
OFFICERS SURROUND
HIM -

YOU BOYS
JUST WON'T
LISTEN TO
REASON!

GET
HIM?



JUST THEN - A VOICE BELLOW'S
OUT FROM ABOVE - IT IS PAT'S
MAD UNCLE -

STOP!
DON'T TOUCH
THE TARGET -

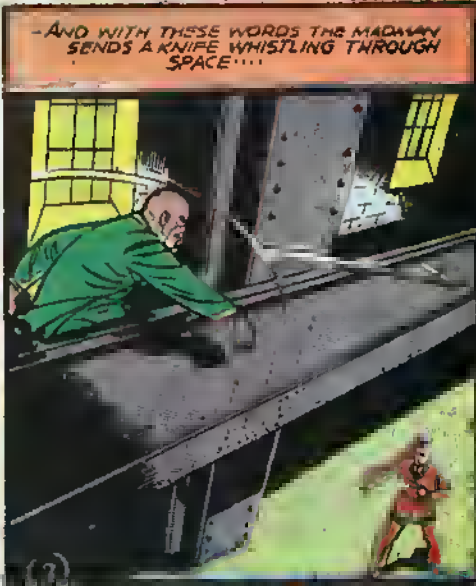
PAT'S
UNCLE!



DESTROYING
HIM SHALL BE
MY
PRIVILEGE!



- AND WITH THESE WORDS THE MADMAN
SENDS A KNIFE WHISTLING THROUGH
SPACE -



BUT THE KNIFE MISSES HIS INTENDED VICTIM, AND BURIES ITSELF IN THE SHOULDER OF CONNIE CRANDON.

GREAT SCOTT!

AGH!

NOW MAYBE YOU BOYS STILL AREN'T CONVINCED I'M ON THE LEVEL—HEY, DAVE!!! GET MISS CRANDON OUT OF HERE—I'M GOING AFTER HIM!!!

HAVE PAT DRIVE HER TO A HOSPITAL QUICK—AND THEN IF THESE GUYS ARE STILL STUBBORN ABOUT GETTING OUT OF HERE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

MAYBE I CAN STILL STOP THIS GUY FROM BLOWING THE PLACE UP!

THE TARGET LEAVES THE SEWILDERED GROUP AS HE OFF AFTER THE MAD UNCLE.

I HOPE THIS TAKES ME WHERE I WANT TO GO!!!

RUNNING LIKE MAD, THE TARGET LEAPS HIGH SEIZING A ROPE HANGING IN MID-AIR.

IT CARRIES HIM HIGH ABOVE—TOWARD THE MAD UNCLE WHO IS NOW IN RETREAT....

A PERFECT LANDING STOPS THE FLEEING MADMAN IN HIS TRACKS—

WANNA PLAY PIGGY BACK?

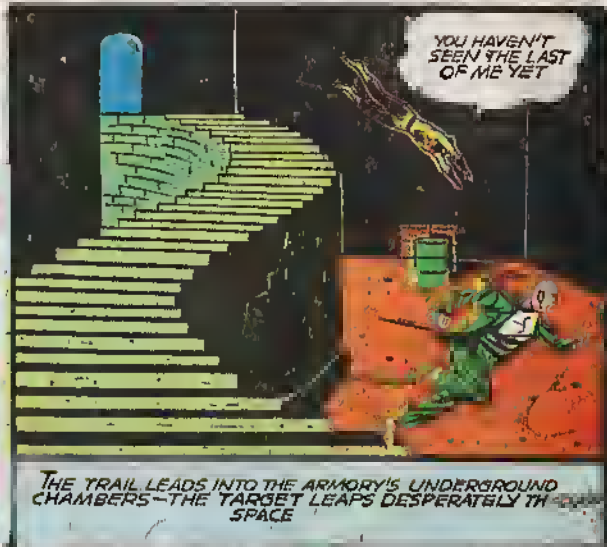
YOU! I'LL GET YOU YET—

BUT PAT'S UNCLE MOVES FAST, THROWING HIS BODY FORWARD, HE FLIPS THE TARGET OVER HIS SHOULDERS.

OH—SO NOW YOU WANT TO PLAY "HIDE AND SEEK"



WOW-THREE MINUTES TO TEN!! IF I'M GOING TO STOP HIM I'D BETTER SPROUT WINGS.



YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME YET

THE TRAIL LEADS INTO THE ARMORY'S UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS-THE TARGET LEAPS DESPERATELY TH

BUT THE TARGET HAS NOT TIMED HIS LEAP TO PERFECTION-HE BARELY REACHES THE UNCLE, AND THEN ONLY BY THE COAT.



WHEW-THAT WAS SOME SPILL! THANK HEAVENS GRABBING HIS COAT AT LEAST BROKE MY FALL-

THE TARGET IS SOON TO HIS FEET BUT BEFORE HE CAN TAKE UP THE CHASE AGAIN, THE MADMAN RETURNS--



WELL, WELL-SO I DON'T HAVE TO CHASE YOU ANYMORE-WHERE DID YOU GET THAT POP-GUN!!

STUPID FOOL-TO JEST ABOUT THIS-ONE OF MY GREATEST INVENTIONS-THE "PORTABLE CANNON"!



IN TWO MINUTES THIS ARMORY WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS-THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN STOP IT NOW- BUT YOU SHALL BE SAVED THE SUSPENSE OF WAITING- I AM ABOUT TO END YOUR WORRIES NOW-



AN EAR SPLITTING ROAR SHAKES THE ENTIRE ARMORY AS THE FIEND BLAZES AWAY AT THE TARGET

GOODBYE TARGET!

BOOM!

BEFORE THE SMOKE SUBSIDES
THE MANIAC HAS ALREADY
PREPARED A HASTY EXIT!

I'VE JUST TIME
TO MAKE IT- IN LESS
THAN TWO MINUTES
THIS PLACE WILL BE
A SHAMBLE
OF RUINS-

BUT HE HAS NOT RECKONED
WITH THE FACT THAT, AS
HE FIRED, THE TARGET
LEAPED FROM THE DI-
RECTION OF THE SHOT-

WOW-SOME GUN
TO BORE THROUGH A
BUILDING LIKE
THAT!! WONDER
WHICH WAY HE
WENT!!

MEANWHILE THE TARGETEERS HAVE
FULFILLED THEIR DUTY-HAVING
CLEARED THE PLACE OF ALL
OCCUPANTS, THEY RETURN-

IT'S EMPTY DAVE-
WHERE COULD THE
TARGET BE?!

-HOPE THAT
CRAZY UNCLE
DIDN'T GET
HIM WITH ONE
OF HIS
INVENTIONS?

BUT FROM ABOVE-PAT'S MAD UNCLE APPEARS-

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT YOU,
BUT THE TARGET
IS NOW BUT A
MEMORY!!

- YES TOMMY-HE
MEANS HE-HE'S KILLED
HIM- PROBABLY WITH
THE FUNNY LOOKING
GUN HE HAS!

YOU
MEAN-

IN THE SECONDS TO FOLLOW A THOUSAND AND
ONE THOUGHTS FLASH THROUGH THE MINDS OF
DAVE AND TOMMY--

HOW THEY MET
NILES REED WHEN
HE SAVED THEM
FROM GANGSTERS.

THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM
AT MY PLACE, I'LL HAVE
TO PAY THE RENT
ANYWAY!

GEE
YOUR
SWELL!

HOW, WHEN ORPHANED AND
PENNYLESS, HE TOOK THEM
IN TO LIVE WITH HIM.

BOYS-MEET
THE TARGET!!

AND THE
TARGETEERS!

HOW ONE EVENING
THEY DETERMINED
TO DEVOTE THEIR
LIVES TO DEFENDING
THE PRINCIPLES OF
LAW AND ORDER.

-AND HOW, FOR
THE PAST SEVEN
MONTHS, THE TWO
HAS CRUSADED
AGAINST CRIME,
WORKING TOGETHER
ALMOST AS ONE.

AND HERE STANDS BEFORE THEM THE MURDERER
OF THIS MAN WHOM THEY WORSHIPPED, IDOLIZED
AND LOVED AS ONLY MEN COULD LOVE THEIR
TRUEST FRIEND-A MAD LUST FOR REVENGE
SUDDENLY FILLS THEIR HEARTS AS THEY CHARGE
FORWARD, INTO ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH--

COME ON
TOMMY, IT'S
EITHER
HIM OR
US?!

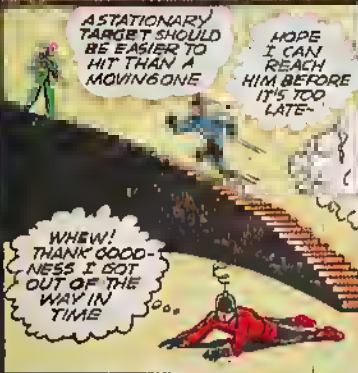
OH-SO YOU'RE
GOING TO MAKE
IT EASIER FOR
ME--

THE PAIR ARE ABOUT HALF-WAY UP THE
STAIRS, WHEN---

BOOM

DUCK
DOWN!
TOMMY!

TOMMY IS SUCCESSFUL IN DODGING FROM THE PATH OF THE SHELL, BUT IN SO DOING HE TRIPS, DAVE SPRINTS FOR THE MAD UNCLE WHO IS ABOUT TO FIRE AT TOMMY, IT LOOKS HOPELESS!



DAVE HAS NOT YET REACHED HIM, HIS FINGER IS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER--SUDDENLY--



RUN-FAST! BOYS-GET OUT OF HERE!!! I'LL FOLLOW RIGHT AFTER YOU!!!



THE TARGETEERS DASH FOR THE STREET, THE TARGET FOLLOWING ON THEIR HEELS CARRYING THE UNCONSCIOUS MADMAN. POLICE HAVE JUST ARRIVED AND THE CROWD IS BECOMING PANICKY--



THE POLICE RUSH FOR THE TARGET, BUT COLONEL DAY STEPS FORWARD TO INTERVENE

STOP!!! I THINK WE MAY BE WRONG ABOUT THE TARGET, LET'S GIVE HIM A CHANCE!! IF THE ARMORY BLOWS UP AT TEN O'CLOCK WE'LL KNOW HE'S ON THE LEVEL!



MOMENTS LATER AT THE STROKE OF TEN A DEAFENING EXPLOSION PIERCES INTO THE NIGHT--THE ARMORY BECOMES A MASS OF SHATTERED RUINS.



COLONEL DAY EXPLAINS TO THE POLICE AND THE TARGETS NAME IS AT LAST CLEARED---

HURRAY FOR THE TARGET!

AND THE TARGETEES

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR UNCLE! PAT-HE'LL BE PLAC IN THE PROPER INST TUTION!

MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MISTER TARGET?



PAT, THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS HOP INTO PAT'S CAR--

I RUSHED MISS CRANDON RIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL! THE DOCTOR SAID SHE'D BE WELL IN ABOUT TEN DAYS!!

IT'S A SHAME IT HAD TO HAPPEN BUT THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN WORSE IF WE HADN'T BUMPED INTO YOU--THEY WOULD ALL HAVE BEEN KILLED

LET'S VISIT MISS CRANDON, TARGET



THEY SOON REACH THE HOSPITAL.....

WHOEVER YOU REALLY ARE, MR. TARGET, I THINK YOU'RE JUST MAR-R-VELOUS!

IT SEEMS YOUR FRIEND IS BEING JUSTLY REWARDED FOR HIS EFFORTS



THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS ARE FACED WITH THEIR MOST TRYING TASK YET---- THE CASE OF THE **CARTOON CRIMES** IN THE JUNE ISSUE OF **TARGET COMICS**

The Chameleon

THE Chameleon, GENIUS OF MAKE-UP, AND SLIM, HIS CHAUFFEUR, ARE IN FLORIDA ON THE TRAIL OF A FUGITIVE DIPLOMAT FROM WASHINGTON, D.C., WHO HAS BEEN THE LEADER OF A LARGE FIFTH-COLUMN ORGANIZATION, KNOWN AS THE FATHERLAND FEDERATION...THE F.B.I. HAS PROMPTED THE Chameleon TO HAUNT A CERTAIN WATERFRONT FOR CLUES. FOR THREE DAYS THEY HAVE WATCHED THE FISHING FLEET LEAVE IN THE MORNING AND RETURN AT NIGHT... ONE BOAT IN PARTICULAR HAS AROUSED THEIR SUSPICIONS... NOW IT IS THE FOURTH EVENING, AND THE FLEET IS JUST RETURNING AGAIN....

LOOK, SLIM! THERE'S THE "WASP" COMING IN NOW - AND, AS USUAL, WITH A CREW OF EIGHT MEN - COUNT 'EM! EIGHT!

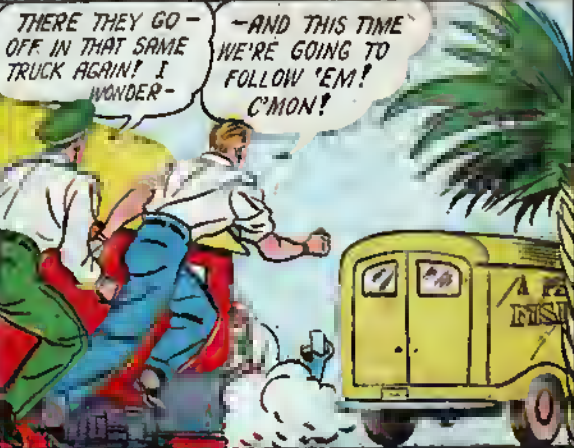


YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS! THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME THEY'VE GONE OUT TO SEA WITH A CREW OF FIVE, AND RETURNED WITH EIGHT! WHERE DO THEY GET 'EM? DAVY JONES' LOCKER?

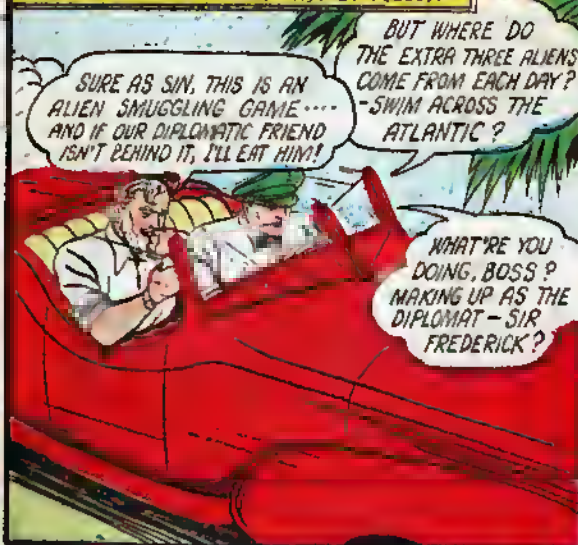
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE WHOLE CREW IS HURRIED INTO A TRUCK... AS THEY DRIVE OFF -



IT DOCKS, AND AS THE CATCH IS PUT ASHORE, A BIG BURLY BRUTE OF A MAN COMES UP TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE CREW. THE Chameleon AND SLIM WATCH...



JUMPING INTO THEIR ROADSTER, THEY FOLLOW

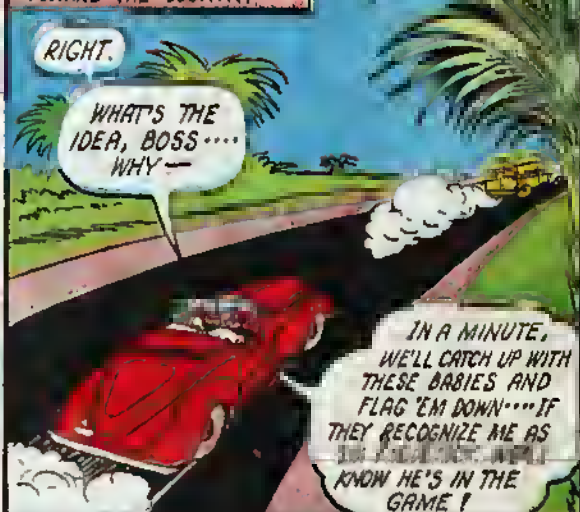


SURE AS SIN, THIS IS AN ALIEN SMUGGLING GAME... AND IF OUR DIPLOMATIC FRIEND ISN'T BEHIND IT, I'LL EAT HIM!

BUT WHERE DO THE EXTRA THREE ALIENS COME FROM EACH DAY? -SWIM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC?

WHAT'RE YOU DOING, BOSS? MAKING UP AS THE DIPLOMAT - SIR FREDERICK?

THE TRUCK HEADS OUT TOWARD THE COUNTRY...

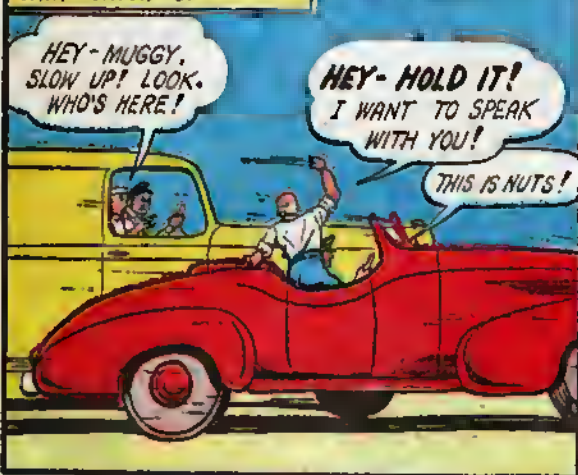


RIGHT.

WHAT'S THE IDEA, BOSS... WHY -

IN A MINUTE, WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THESE DABIES AND FLAG 'EM DOWN... IF THEY RECOGNIZE ME AS THE DIPLOMAT, THEY'LL KNOW HE'S IN THE GAME!

HIS DISGUISE COMPLETE, THE CHAMELEON TELLS SLIM TO STEP ON IT... QUICKLY, THEY CATCH UP...



HEY - MUGGY, SLOW UP! LOOK, WHO'S HERE!

HEY - HOLD IT! I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU!

THIS IS NUTS!

BOTH AUTOS PULL UP...



BOSS! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

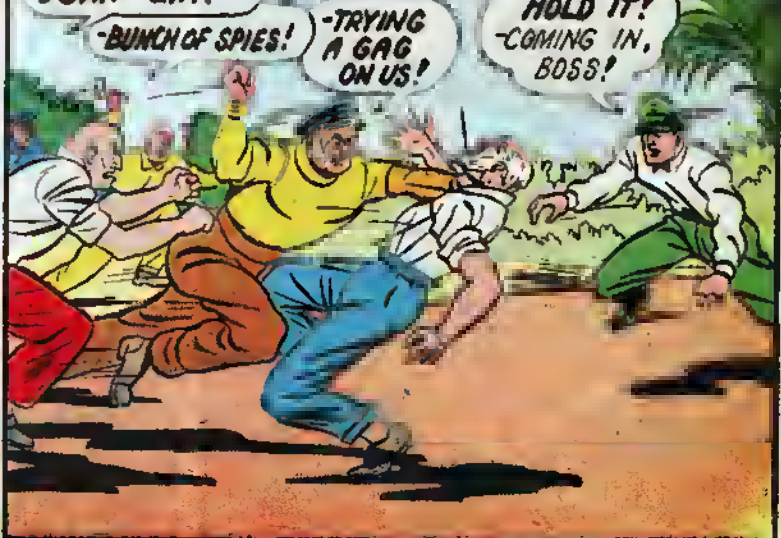
I JUST WENT IN FOR SOME CIGARETTES... HOW DID IT GO TODAY?

SUDDENLY, THE BRUTE'S EYES POP...



CIGARETTES! HEY! THIS AIN'T THE BOSS! THE BOSS DON'T SMOKE!

JUMP 'EM!



-BUNCH OF SPIES!

-TRYING A GAG ON US!

HOLD IT! -COMING IN, BOSS!

THE CHAMELEON AND SLIM ATTEMPT TO RESIST THE SWIFT, SUDDEN ATTACK, BUT THE FORCE OF NUMBERS IS TOO GREAT . . .

BLAST 'EM HARD!

I'LL KEEL HEEM!

GOT YA!

THE NEXT MORNING AT SUN-RISE THE FLEET BEGINS TO STIR . . .

THEY ARE OVERPOWERED ALMOST INSTANTLY.... A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN THEY COME TO, THE TRUCK AND THE BOGUS FISHERMEN ARE GONE . . .

CHRISTMAS, BOSS! ARE THOSE MUGS TOUGH!

RIGHT, BUT THEY HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF US! TOMORROW MORNING WE FOLLOW THEIR BOAT OUT FOR THE FISHING!

DISGUISED AS FISHERMEN, THE CHAMELEON AND SLIM HIRE A SKIPPER AND A SMALL CRAFT TO FOLLOW THE MYSTERIOUS BOAT, "WASP."

THAT'S HER—STRAIGHT AHEAD, SKIPPER.

THE WASP EH, ME LADS?

THAT'S THE ONE! I WANT YOU TO KEEP ON HER TAIL LIKE GLUE!

SHE'S STARTING OUT WITH A CREW OF FIVE AGAIN, SLIM.

MOLLY X

ONCE OUT IN THE ROUGH, OPEN WATER, THE FLEET BEGINS TO SCATTER . . .

YOU FELLAS SEEM MIGHTY INTERESTED IN THAT BOAT.

WE ARE, SKIPPER!

WE'RE STILL WITH HER, BOSS, BUT SHE'S BEGINNING TO STEP ON IT!

THE CHAMELEON PUTS HIS BINOCULARS ON HER . . .

GREAT SCOTT! I'LL SAY SHE'S STEPPING ON IT! GIVE IT THE GUN, SKIPPER! WE CAN'T LOSE THAT BOAT!

THIS IS NO SPEED BOAT, LAD!

OH-OH! THEY'RE PULLING THREE MEN ABOARD NOW - RIGHT OUT OF THE OCEAN! BEEN FLOATING AROUND WITH LIFE-BELTS ON!



THAT BOAT, 'MOLLY', IS STILL ON OUR TAIL!

ALL RIGHT, HEINRICH - PULL 'EM ABOARD! HURRY IT UP!

CATCH MY ARMS - THERE!

ACH! VE ISS SO COLD!

WHILE ON THE WASP.



SUDDENLY, ABOARD THE 'WASP', THE MAN WITH THE SPY-GLASS SHOUTS A WARNING!

THAT'S IT! THEY'RE CHASING US!

THERE'S ONE BIRD ABOARD HER WITH BINOCULARS!



QUICKLY, THE WASP'S MOTORS ROAR... THE BOAT LURCHES FORWARD, AND A GUN APPEARS ON HER FOREDECK.

GET OVER THERE FAST - AND **SINK** THEM!

IT'S THE BIRDS THAT FOLLOWED US YESTERDAY!

YOU WERE RIGHT, HANS! THEY DID FOLLOW US TODAY!



WITH THE SPEED OF A DESTROYER, THE WASP RACES TOWARD THE 'MOLLY II'

HARD TO PORT, NOW!

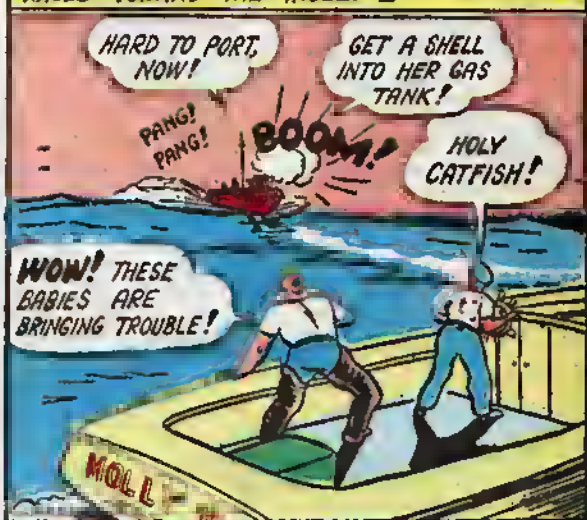
GET A SHELL INTO HER GAS TANK!

PANG! PANG!

BOOM!

HOLY CATFISH!

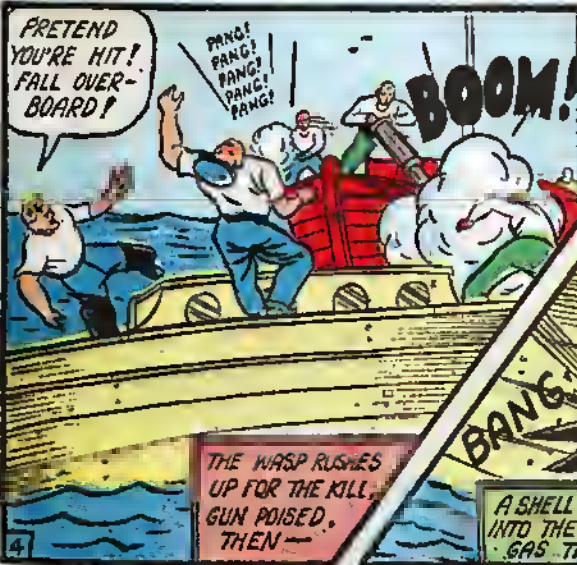
WOW! THESE BABIES ARE BRINGING TROUBLE!



PRETEND YOU'RE HIT! FALL OVER-BOARD!

PANG! PANG! PANG! PANG!

BOOM!



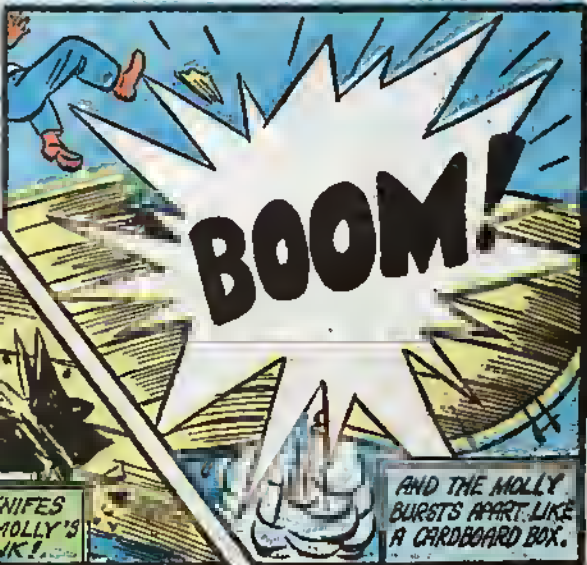
THE WASP RUSHES UP FOR THE KILL, GUN POISED, THEN -

BANG!

A SHELL KNIFES INTO THE MOLLY'S GAS TANK!

BOOM!

AND THE MOLLY BURSTS APART, LIKE A CARDBOARD BOX.



AS THE MOLLY SINKS, THE WASP CIRCLES THE MEN FOR A FINAL, DEADLY BLAST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE

BEAT IT, NOW!

ALL RIGHT! THAT DOES IT!

THAT'S GOT 'EM!

PANG! PANG! PANG!

ANG! NG!

OKAY - GET GOING! GET GOING!

THE RATS JUST GOT THE SKIPPER!

OH-H!

PRETEND YOU'RE DEAD, SLIM - MUFF UP!

AT LAST THE WASP SPEEDS AWAY. THE Chameleon AND SLIM LOOK AROUND FUTILELY FOR THE SKIPPER...

NO SIGN OF HIM, BOSS. POOR CUSS IS A GONER, I GUESS... WHAT THE HECK DO WE DO, NOW?

SWIM, AND THEN SWIM SOME MORE... NOTHING ELSE TO - WAIT!

THERE'S ANOTHER DUT!

HEY!

WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED!

SWIFTLY, THE NEW CRAFT COMES UP TO THEM...

WELL, GENTLEMEN ARE YOU HAVING A NICE SWIM?

NOT TOO NICE, LADY... YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO RELIEVE THE BOREDOM... WHERE YOU FROM?

THIS IS THE LAUNCH FROM MY UNCLE'S YACHT. HE'S CRUISING THESE WATERS... WELCOME ABOARD, MATES.

-ALL THIS GAGGING... NUTS!

OVER HERE, LADY! HOW ABOUT A LIFT?

THE Chameleon AND SLIM CLIMB INTO THE BOAT... THE GIRL GEARS IT FORWARD...

THERE'S THE YACHT OVER THERE... I'LL TAKE YOU ABOARD FOR A HOT DRINK AND SOME DRY CLOTHES... I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL GET YOU ASHORE, THOUGH.

WHY? AREN'T YOU OUT OF AN AMERICAN PORT?

NO... WE'RE OUT OF A EUROPEAN PORT, AND CLEARED FOR SAN PEDRO... WE CAN'T DOCK IN FLORIDA

H-H-M - THAT'S INTERESTING!

ARRIVING ON THE YACHT'S DECK -

WHO IS THIS, MARIE?

I FOUND THESE MEN BLANDLY SWIMMING IN MID-OCEAN, UNCLE ED... THEY HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHY...

YOU DIDN'T ASK, LADY.

COME INTO THE SALON.... MAY I ASK FOR AN EXPLANATION, SIR?

A CRAFTY LIGHT BEGINS TO STEAL INTO THE UNCLE'S EYES....

EXTRAORDINARY!

A YACHT LIKE THIS COULD BE BRINGING THOSE MEN ACROSS.... ANYWAY- THE WASP SPOTTED US AND SUNK US!

YOU MAY... WE WERE FOLLOWING A BOGUS FISHING BOAT NAMED 'WASP'.... THIS BOAT HAS BEEN PICKING UP ALIENS, DROPPED FROM SOME OCEAN-GOING BOAT, AND TAKING THEM ASHORE DISGUISED AS MEMBERS OF THEIR CREW!

GEE-!

GOSH!

I SEE.

AS THE UNCLE ENTERS, HE SLYLY PULLS A GUN....

SUDDENLY—

YOU ARE MUCH TOO SMART, YOUNG MAN! PUT YOUR HANDS UP—QUICKLY!

HENRY-FRONT!

THIS IS THE YACHT THAT IS BRINGING THEM ACROSS! THEY ARE MEN NECESSARY TO OUR CAUSE, AND YOUR GOVERNMENT WON'T ALLOW THEM IN THE U.S., BUT—
HENRY— SEIZE THESE MEN!
UNCLE— WHAT—?!

I THOUGHT AS MUCH, MISTER! AND—

YEAH-!

HEY!

—THANKS FOR THE CONFIRMATION!

THE CHAMELEON LUNGES FORWARD, GRABS THE UNCLE—

AND HOISTS HIM INTO THE AIR, BUT—

HELP!

AW-RIGHT, WISE GUY— PUT HIM DOWN, OR WE DRILL YOU COLD!

PUT HIM DOWN!

RECOGNIZING SURE DEATH, UNLESS HE COMPLIES, THE CHAMELEON PLACES THE MAN ON HIS FEET... THE GIRL, HORRIFIED, FACES HER UNCLE...

YOU BEAST! HOW D'LD YOU BETRAY YOUR COUNTRY LIKE THIS? I—I CAN'T BELIEVE—

SORRY, CHILD—YOU FORGET I'M ONLY HALF AMERICAN— TAKE HER WITH THE OTHERS, HENRY!



TAKE THEM BELOW TILL NIGHTFALL! THEY MUST ALL BE SILENCED... AND THAT WILL BE A JOB FOR SIR FREDERICK IN HIS SWAMPY, EVERGLADES HIDEOUT!

RIGHT!

I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE HIM!



SO WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, THE THREE CAPTIVES ARE ORDERED BACK INTO THE YACHT'S LAUNCH... FOR THE TRIP ASHORE.....

C'MON! HURRY IT UP!



AS THEY HEAD IN, THEY BARELY MISS A CRUISING COASTAL PATROL BOAT...

ANDY, THERE! SHONA LIGHT!

GO TO THE DEVIL, YOU BRASS-HATTED MONKEYS!



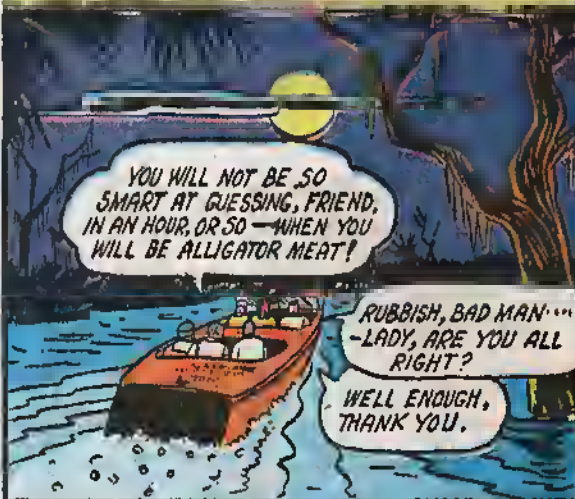
I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY YOU LAND YOUR MEN BY THE FISHING BOAT—KEEPS YOU OUT BEYOND THE COASTAL PATROL, EH?

A MOMENT LATER, THE LAUNCH ENTERS ONE OF THE MYRIAD INLETS TO THE DARK, JUNGLE-GROWN EVERGLADES, A FEVER-RIDDEN SWAMP WHERE FEW MEN DARE TO GO...

YOU WILL NOT BE SO SMART AT GUESSING, FRIEND, IN AN HOUR, OR SO—WHEN YOU WILL BE ALLIGATOR MEAT!

RUBBISH, BAD MAN... -LADY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

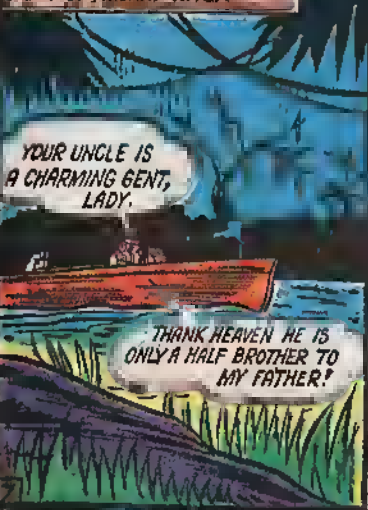
WELL ENOUGH, THANK YOU.



SLOWLY, THEY MOVE UP THE SLUGGISH, MURKY RIVER...

YOUR UNCLE IS A CHARMING GENT, LADY.

THANK HEAVEN HE IS ONLY A HALF BROTHER TO MY FATHER!



THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR LITTLE RESORT... RIGHT, BAD MAN?

YOU'RE NOT FUNNY, WISE GUY—YOU'LL SEE!



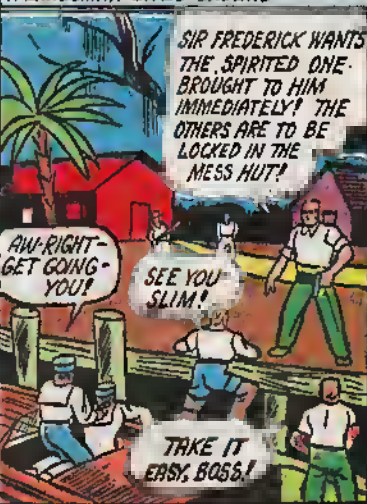
THEY PULL UP TO A RICKETY PIER... A LANDSMAN GIVES ORDERS—

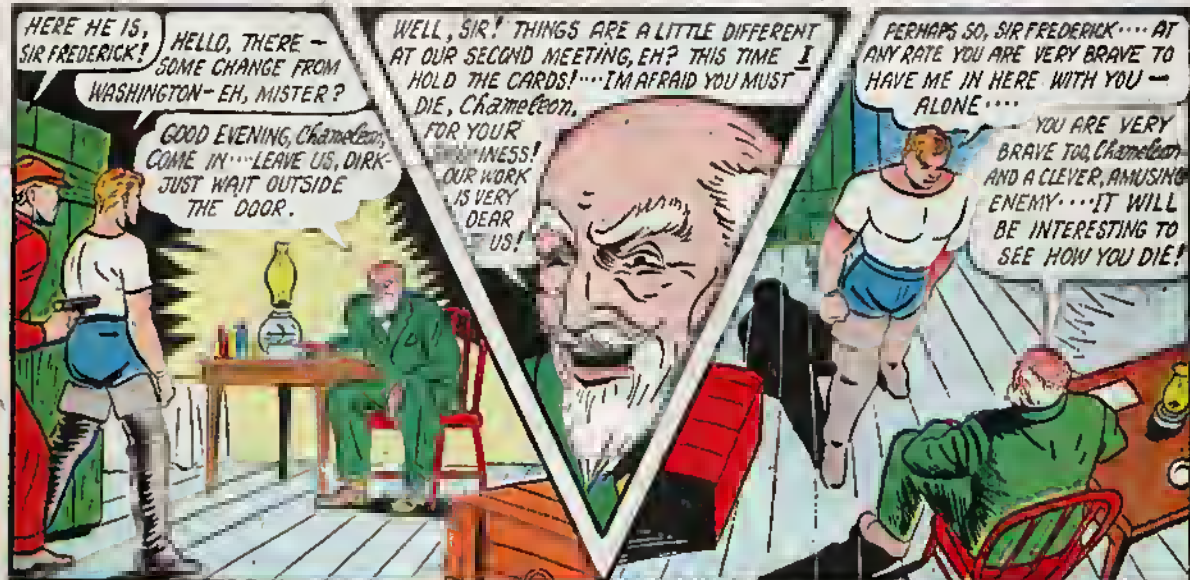
SIR FREDERICK WANTS THE SPIRITED ONE. BROUGHT TO HIM IMMEDIATELY! THE OTHERS ARE TO BE LOCKED IN THE MESS HUT!

AW-RIGHT—GET GOING—YOU!

SEE YOU SLIM!

TAKE IT EASY, BOSS!





ONE BLOW, AND DIRK IS OVER-BOARD... SLIM LEAPS FOR THE STEERING WHEEL....

WOW! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT WAS YOU, BOSS!

STEP ON IT, KID! BEAT IT FAST!

OH-H-H!

ONE HALF HOUR LATER, THEY CONTACT ONE OF THE COASTAL PATROL BOATS

HEY- SMALL BOAT CLOSE TO PORT!

FULL SPEED ASTERN!

ANYO- PULL UP! I'M THE Chameleon OF THE F.B.I.! QUICKLY!!

SLOWLY, THE TRIM COASTER COMES TO A HALT....

THE Chameleon BOARDS HER-

THERE'S A YACHT JUST NORTH OF HERE DROPPING UNDESIRABLE ALIENS INTO THE SEA TO BE PICKED UP BY A FAKE FISHING BOAT... I'LL DIRECT YOU TO HER....

GREAT SCOTT!

WOW!

THE NEWS IS RADIOED BY CODE ASHORE, THEN THE COASTER LOCATES AND CAPTURES THE FOREIGN YACHT....

STAND BY FOR BOARDERS!

BOOM

SEND ANOTHER SHELL ACROSS HER BOW!

WHILE ON SHORE POLICE-!

CALLING ALL DEPUTIES-! SURROUND EVERGLADE SWAMP!

JUST AT DAWN, THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE GANG ARE ROUNDED UP AS THEY ATTEMPT TO LEAVE THE SWAMP.

HERE THEY COME!

LINE UP, THERE!

LIVELY- YOU RATS!

HANDS UP- YOU GUYS!

LATER IN THE DAY THE Chameleon ASSURES HIMSELF THAT NO MEMBER OF THE FATHERLAND FEDERATION HAS ESCAPED.

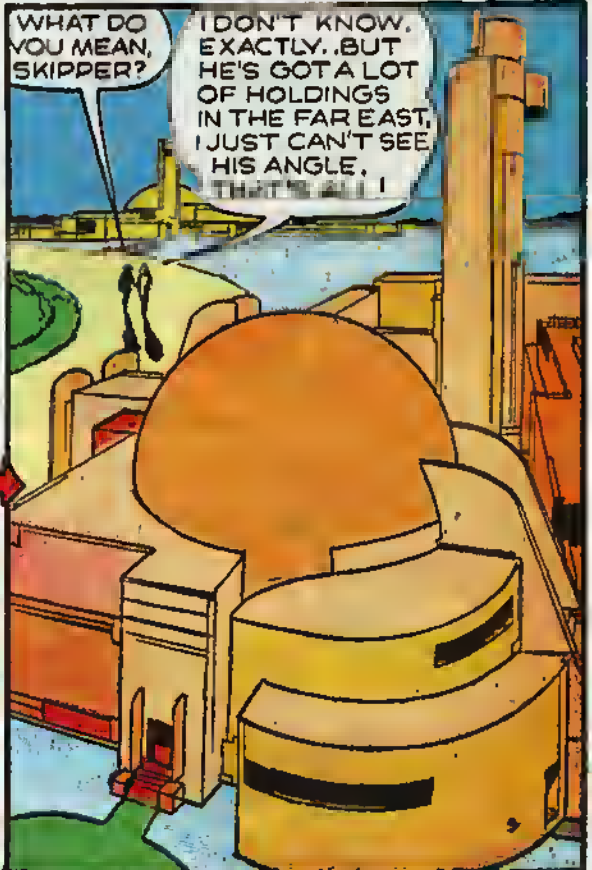
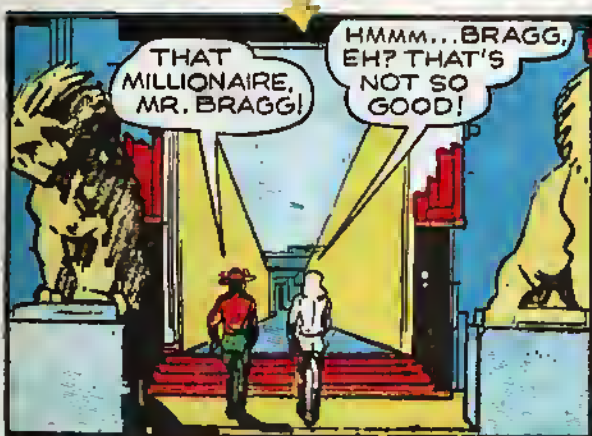
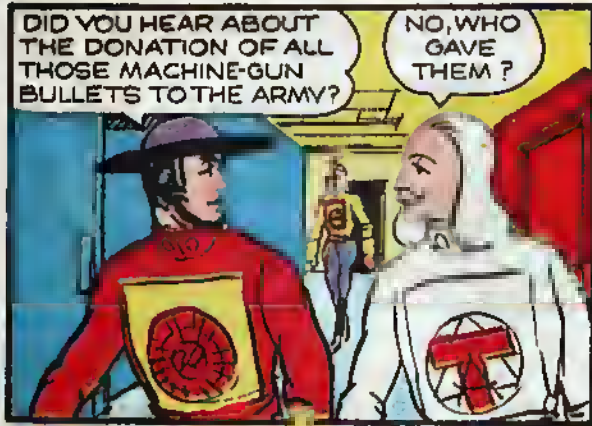
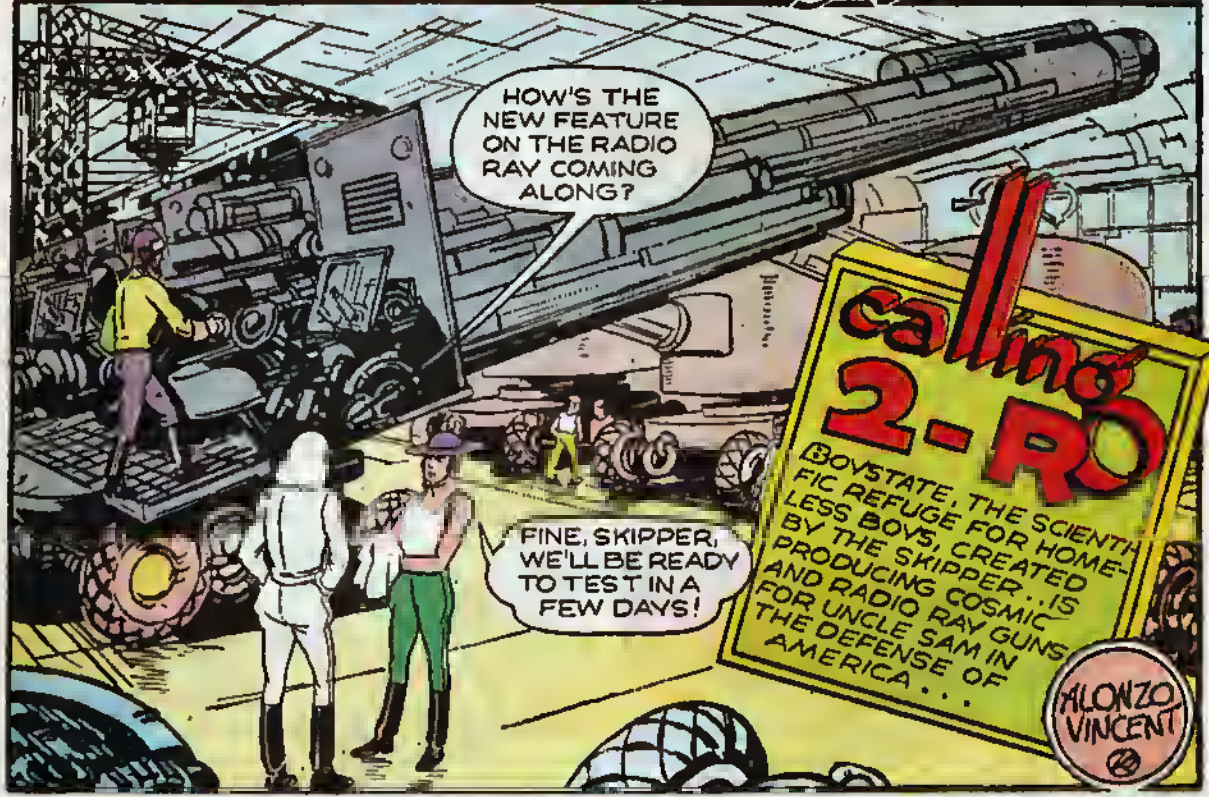
YOU SURE THE BOYS GRABBED SIR FREDERICK, MAC?

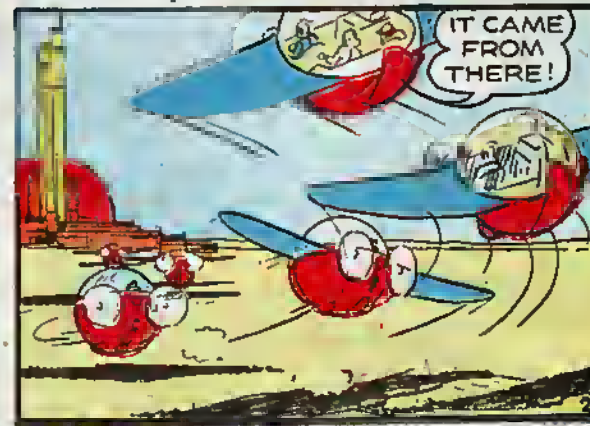
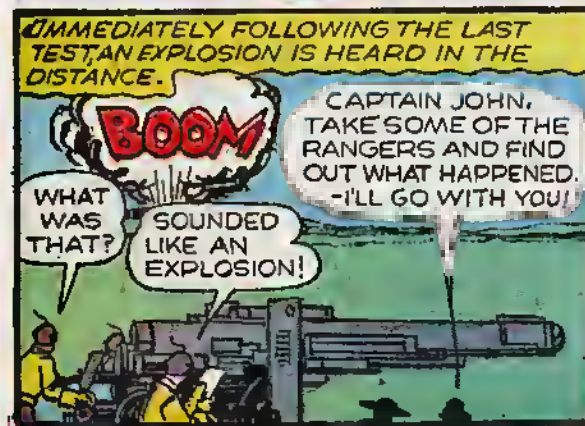
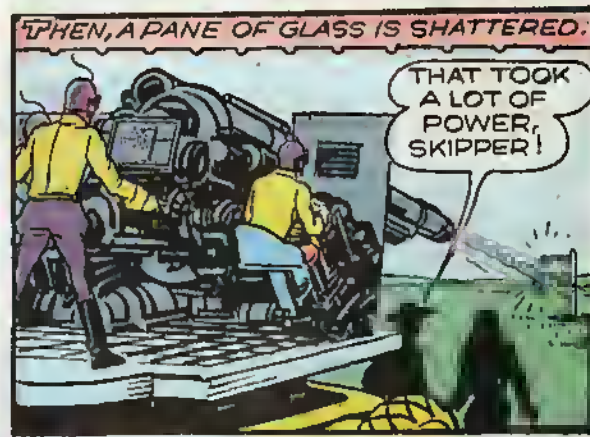
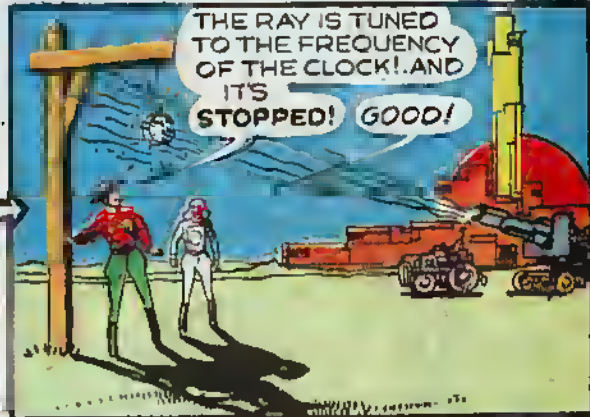
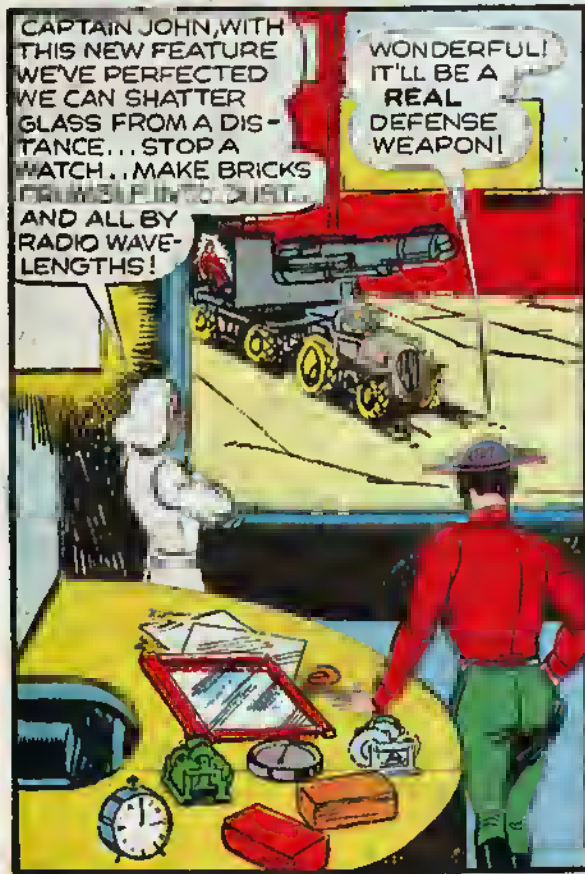
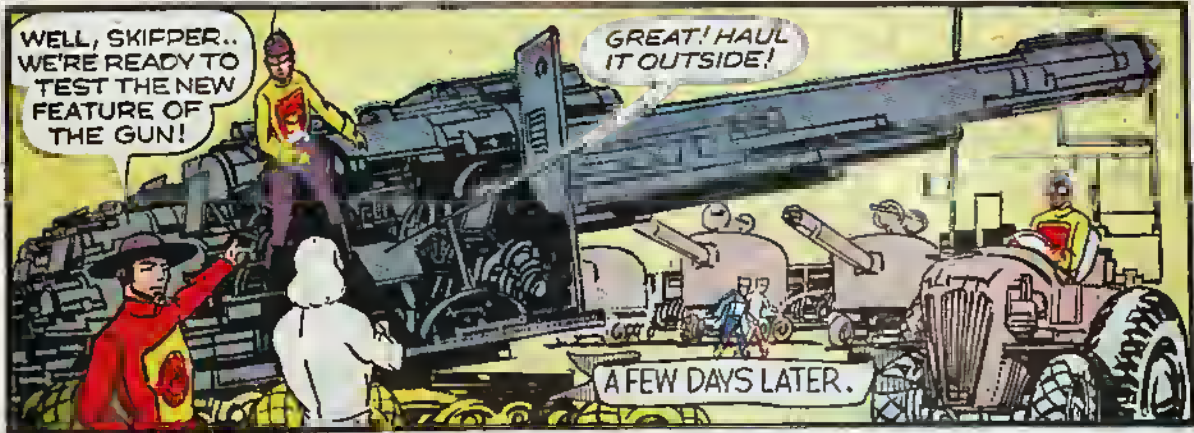
POSITIVE, BOY! THANKS TO YOU! ... AND NOW, HOW ABOUT ANOTHER LITTLE JOB?

I'M RARIN TO GO, PAL!

WHAT WILL THE Chameleon's NEXT ASSIGNMENT BE ??
NEXT MONTH'S **TARGET** comics
WILL GIVE THE ANSWER!

RANGE RIDERS of today's frontier....





THEY SEE WHAT HAD HAPPENED . . .

ARMY TRUCKS!

YES, AND ONE OF THEM HAS BLOWN UP!

AND LAND NEARBY.

EVERYBODY OUT, AND LEND A HAND!

YES SIR!

YES SIR!

THE RANGERS ADMINISTER FIRST AID, AND THE INJURED ARE TAKEN TO THE PLANES.

BACK IN BOYSTATE

WE WERE RIDING ALONG, WHEN THE REAR TRUCK, CARRYING THE NEW BULLETS... SUDDENLY EXPLODED!

THE LIEUTENANT EXPLAINS WHAT HAPPENED....

NEW BULLETS?

WHY, YES, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT MR. BRAGG'S GENEROUS DONATION?

YES, I'VE HEARD ABOUT MR. BRAGG AND HIS DONATION!

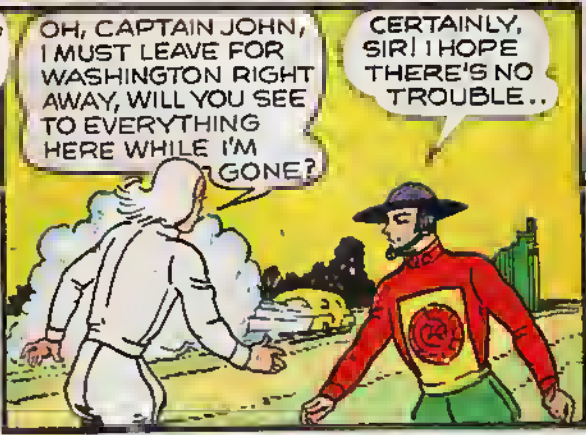
VERY GENEROUS OF HIM, WE NEEDED AMMUNITION BADLY!



MY MEN HAVE BEEN TREATED WELL, AND ARE READY TO LEAVE! THANK YOU, SKIPPER!

THERE IS NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR THE SERVANTS OF UNCLE SAM!

LATER...



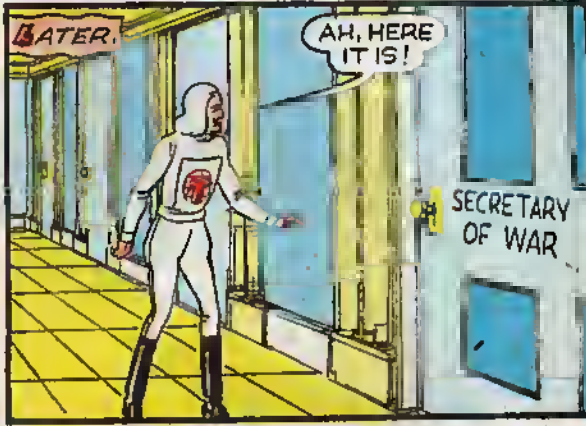
OH, CAPTAIN JOHN, I MUST LEAVE FOR WASHINGTON RIGHT AWAY, WILL YOU SEE TO EVERYTHING HERE WHILE I'M GONE?

CERTAINLY, SIR! I HOPE THERE'S NO TROUBLE..



I MUST SEE THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND TELL HIM ABOUT MY FEARS!

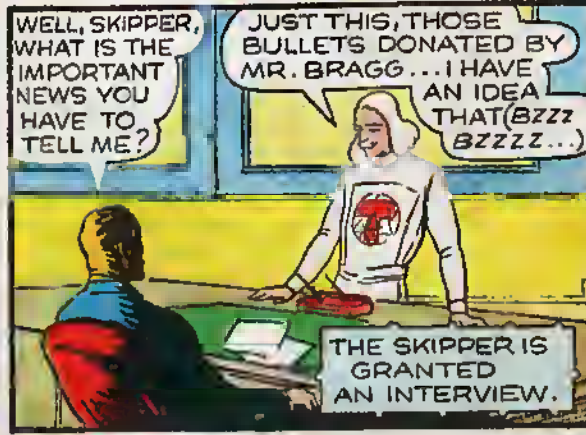
THE SKIPPER FLIES TO WASHINGTON D.C.



LATER.

AH, HERE IT IS!

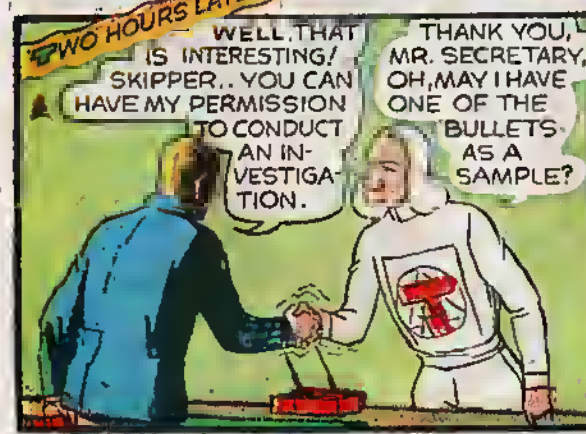
SECRETARY OF WAR



WELL, SKIPPER, WHAT IS THE IMPORTANT NEWS YOU HAVE TO TELL ME?

JUST THIS, THOSE BULLETS DONATED BY MR. BRAGG... I HAVE AN IDEA THAT (BZZZ BZZZZ...)

THE SKIPPER IS GRANTED AN INTERVIEW.



TWO HOURS LATER

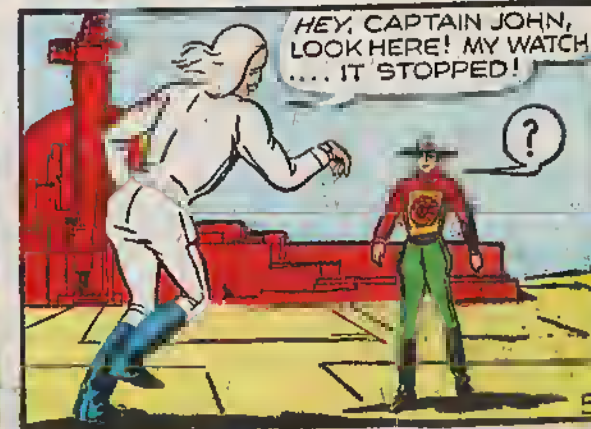
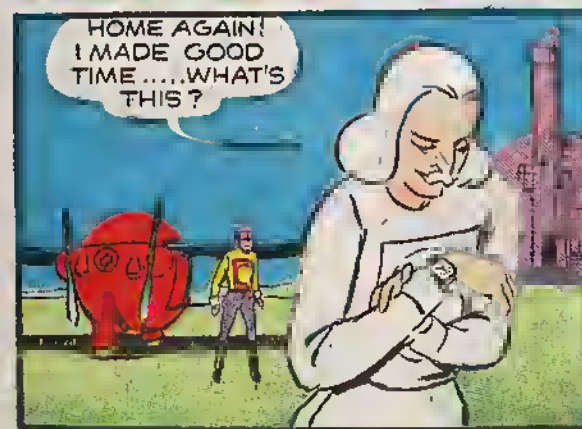
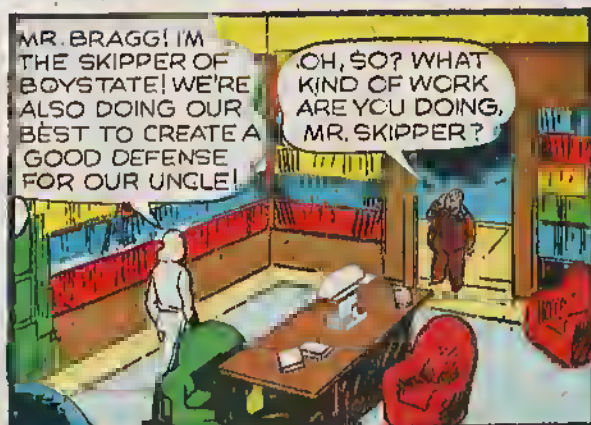
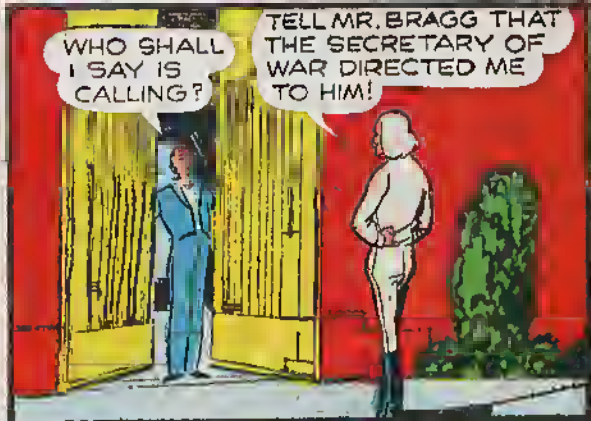
WELL, THAT IS INTERESTING! SKIPPER.. YOU CAN HAVE MY PERMISSION TO CONDUCT AN INVESTIGATION.

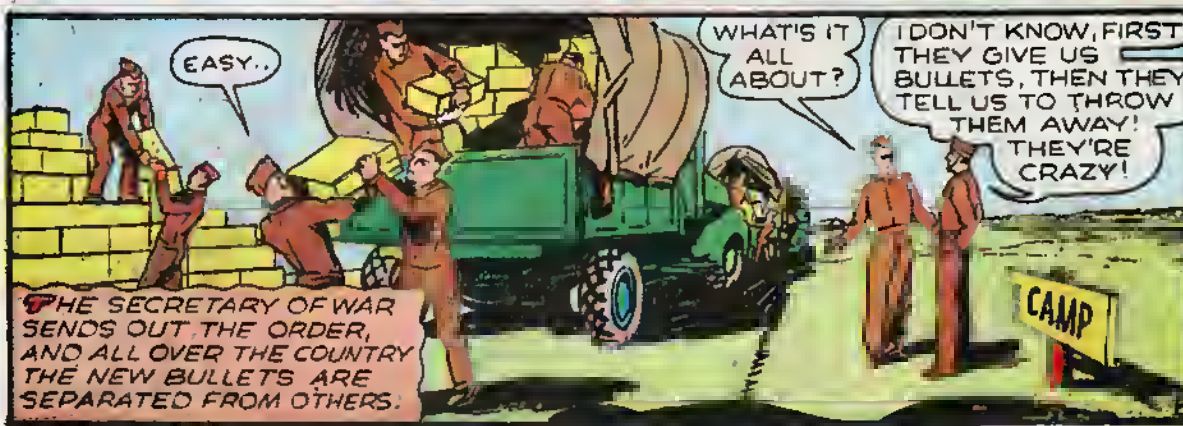
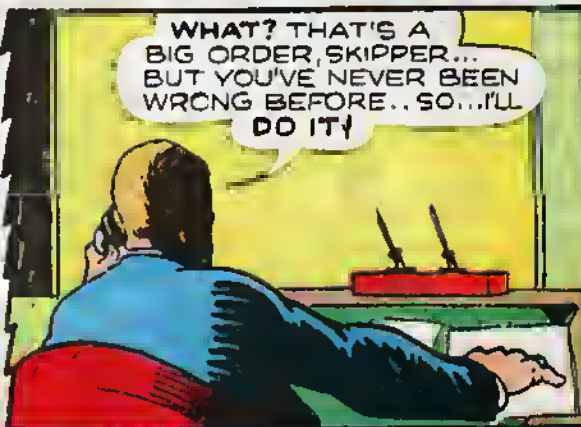
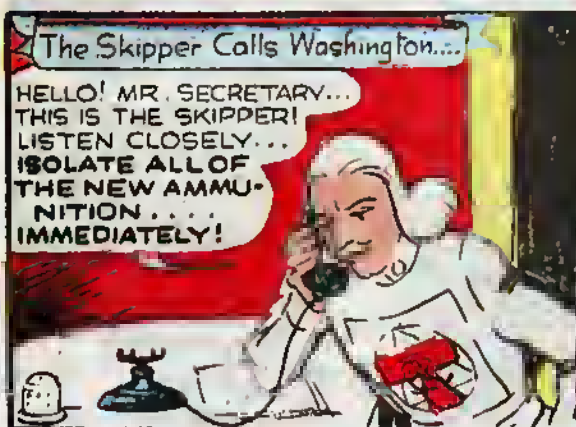
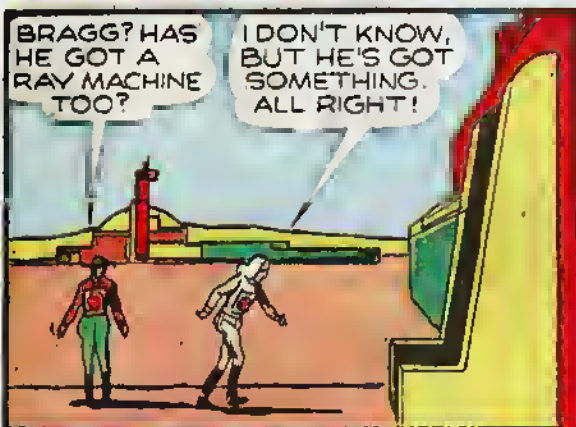
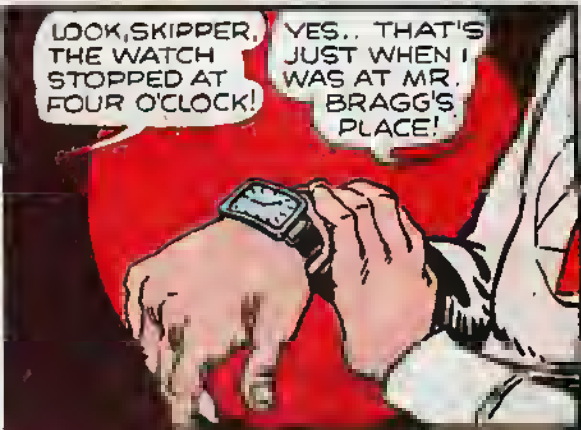
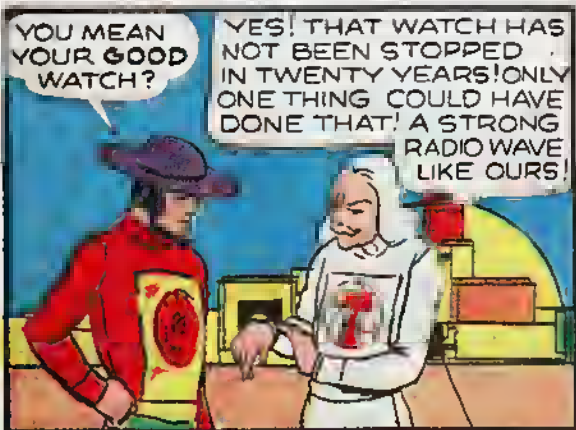
THANK YOU, MR. SECRETARY, OH, MAY I HAVE ONE OF THE BULLETS AS A SAMPLE?

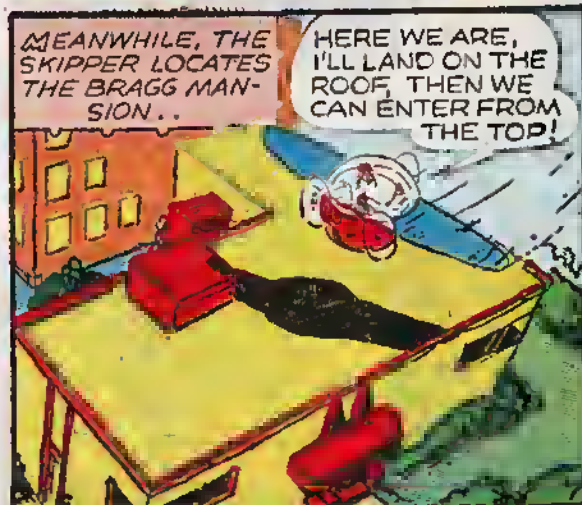
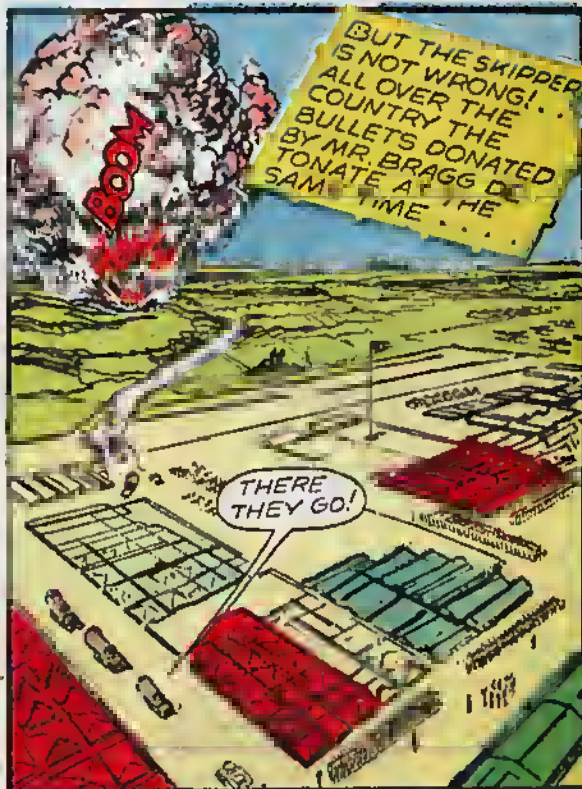
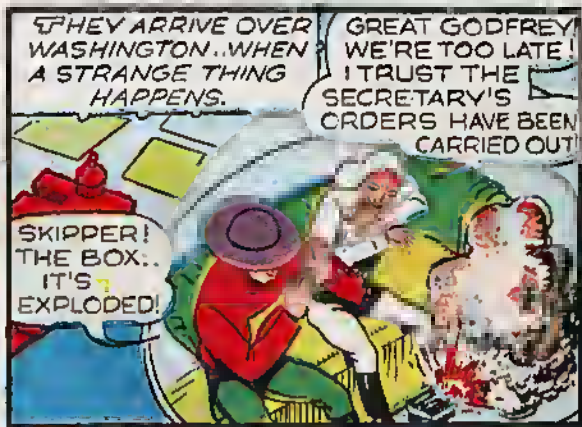
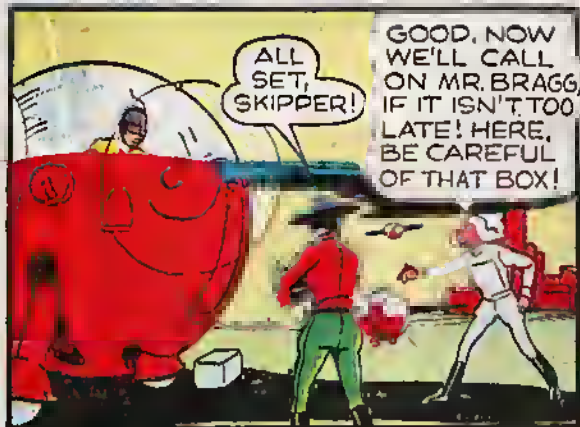


HERE IS THE BULLET, AND I'LL GIVE YOU MR. BRAGG'S ADDRESS. HE LIVES HERE IN WASHINGTON!

THANK YOU, SIR!







AH! MY FRIENDS,
WE HAVE DONE
IT! I SHOULD LIKE
TO SEE THE FACES
OF OUR GOVERNMENT
FRIENDS NOW!

YA, BUT VE MUST
NOT STAY HERE!

YA, WE MUST
LEAVE
NOW!

... INSIDE, WE
FIND MR. BRAGG.

NO YOU WON'T. NOT
JUST YET, ANYWAY!

WHAT TH'...
SKIPPER!?

HATE TO
BREAK UP
YOUR PARTY,
GENTS!

UHH!

HERE HE IS!

YOU RAT!

WELL, MR. BRAGG, YOU
HAVE A DATE WITH SOME
FRIENDS OF MINE IN
THE F.B.I.!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL,
SKIPPER! THIS INSIDIOUS
PLOT MIGHT HAVE ES-
CAPED NOTICE HAD IT
NOT BEEN FOR YOUR
EFFORTS!

WE'RE ONLY
TOO GLAD
TO HELP!

HEY, SKIPPER...NOT
THAT I WANT TO BE
INQUISITIVE.. BUT
WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

WELL, BRAGG HAD THOSE BULLETS
SENSITIZED SO THAT THEY'D
BLOW UP WHEN HE BROADCAST
POWER OVER A CERTAIN WAVE
LENGTH FROM HIS CONCEALED
RADIO STATION. MY WATCH
TIPPED ME OFF WHEN IT
STOPPED. HE WANTED THE
DICTATORS TO WIN SO
HE COULD RESUME
SELLING THEM OIL.

THERE WILL BE
A BIG
SURPRISE
IN NEXT ISSUE OF
TARGET
Comics

DIN
OF
DOOM

LUCKY BYRD

of G-2

Flier

LOOK, JACK, THEY
MADE, LUCKY BYRD A
1ST LIEUTENANT! THAT'S
SWELL!

1ST LIEUTENANT?
THEY OUGHT TO HAVE
MADE HIM A CAPTAIN.
ANYWAY, UNLESS THEY
USED UP ALL THOSE
JOBS.

ARMY SPY
PROMOTE
BYRD 1ST
LIEUTENANT

DUE TO LUCKY BYRD'S
WILLINGNESS TO FACE
PUBLIC DISGRACE SO THAT
HE MIGHT GET INTO THE
VICIOUS SCARLET SQUAD-
RONS, AND THUS DESTROY
THEM, THIS MENACE TO
NATIONAL DEFENSE IS
VIRTUALLY GONE.

LUCKY, RESTORED TO
HIS RANK IN THE AIR
CORPS - AND IN G-2 - IS
HAILED AS A HERO BY
THE PRESS, AS WELL
AS BY HIS FELLOW
OFFICERS, AND IN RECOG-
NITION OF HIS SERVICES,
HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO
1ST LIEUTENANT.

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

NO ONE **EVER** DESERVED
A PROMOTION **MORE**,
BYRD!

THANK YOU,
SIR.

COLONEL, THIS CAN'T WAIT.
HERE'S **ANOTHER** OF THOSE
MID-AIR MOTOR EXPLOSIONS,
WRIGHT FIELD, THIS TIME,
SIR!

BETTER RUN
DOWN TO
WRIGHT FIELD
AND LOOK
AROUND,
BYRD!

AND, AN HOUR LATER, A
PLANE ROARS TOWARD
WRIGHT FIELD, LUCKY BYRD
AT THE CONTROLS.



WE DON'T KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED, LIEUT.
BYRD. THE PLANE'S
MOTOR JUST EXPLODED!

BOOM!

WHAT'S THAT?
ANOTHER MOTOR,
I'LL BET!

30 MINUTES LATER, AS LUCKY
TALKS TO THE PILOT
WHOSE MOTOR JUST EXPLODED.

ANYTHING UNUSUAL HAPPEN
JUST BEFORE YOUR MOTOR
WENT OFF?

ONLY A FUNNY
HOWLING NOISE!

10 HOURS LATER,
AT WRIGHT FIELD

BYRD! A SHIP JUST BLEW
UP ITS MOTOR AT SELF-
RIDGE FIELD!

I'M ON MY
WAY, MAJOR!

LUCKY TAKES OFF FOR
SELF-RIDGE FIELD—

—AND NEARING THE FIELD—

AN ARMY SHIP!

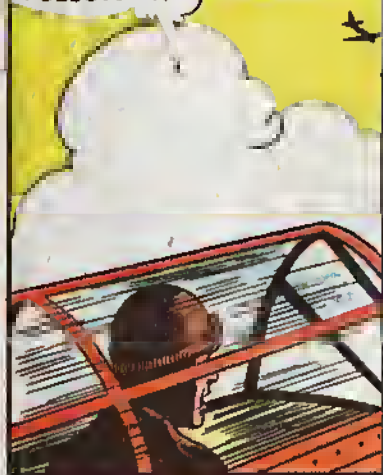
THE OTHER SHIP'S
MOTOR EXPLODES.

WHE-E-E-E-E-E

BOOM!

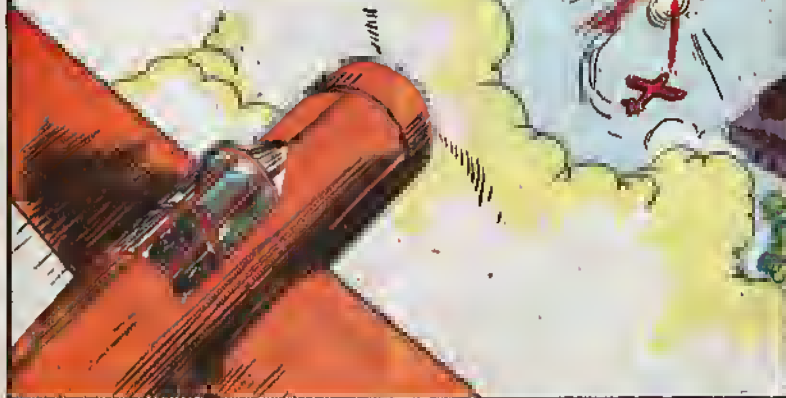
THAT HOWLING NOISE THE
PILOT MENTIONED! I
HEARD IT!

AND THAT PLANE! IT'S
NOT AN ARMY PLANE. I'LL
FOLLOW IT!



FAR ABOVE THE MYSTERY
SHIP, LUCKY FOLLOWS —

-AND SEES IT LAND IN
AN ISOLATED FIELD WITH
A CAMOUFLAGED HANGAR
IN A SMOKE-SCREEN BURST.



THAT PLANE, THE FIELD,
AND THE QUEER NOISE
MUST BE TIED UP SOME
HOW WITH THOSE EXPLO-
SIONS. I'LL SNOOD
AROUND - TONIGHT!



SO, THAT NIGHT, LUCKY'S
PLANE, MOTOR SILENT,
GLIDES EARTHWARD —



-AND LANDS IN A
FIELD NEAR THE
MYSTERY FIELD.



LEAVING HIS PLANE HIDDEN,
LUCKY STEALS THROUGH
THE WOODS TOWARD THE
CAMOUFLAGED HANGAR.



OHO! SO THAT'S WHAT
HAPPENED TO THOSE
RENEGADE PILOTS WHO
ESCAPED WHEN WE
CLEANED UP THE
**SCARLET
SQUADRONS!**

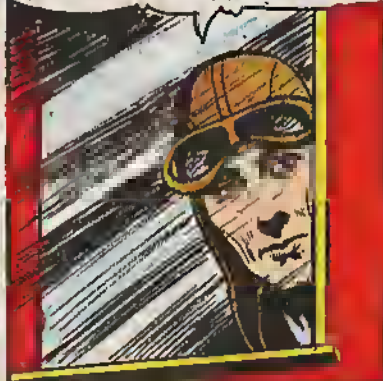


VIALS OF PICRIC ACID!
SO THAT'S HOW IT IS
DONE! SAY—I CAN HEAR
WHAT THEY'RE SAYING!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER—

SO THEY THINK THEY'RE
GOING TO BLOW UP 3
FLYING FORTRESSES, EH!
I'LL HAVE TO STOP THAT!



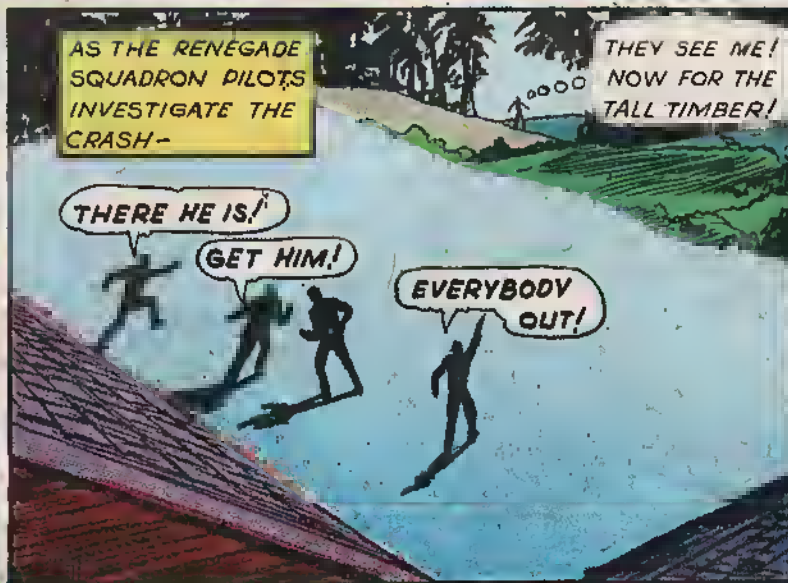
THIS IS RISKY, BUT IT
MAY WORK!



THE ROCK CRASHES
AGAINST THE HANGAR!



AS THE RENEGADE
SQUADRON PILOTS
INVESTIGATE THE
CRASH—



THEY SEE ME!
NOW FOR THE
TALL TIMBER!

THERE HE IS!

GET HIM!

EVERYBODY
OUT!

AS THE SCARLET SQUADRON
FOLLOWS LUCKY INTO THE
WOODS-



-LUCKY DOUBLES BACK
TOWARD THE FIELD-



-AND INTO THE HANGAR-

I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST
WITH THESE VIALS OF
ACID!

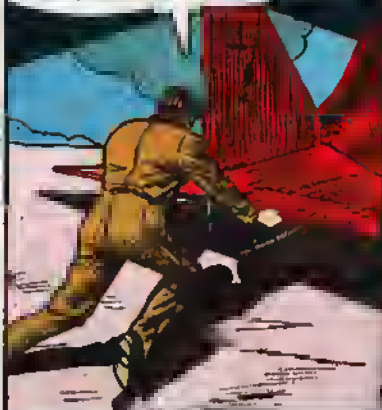


VIALS OF PICRIC ACID
ARE DROPPED INTO THE
TANKS OF ALL THE
PLANES BY LUCKY BYRD-



-EXCEPT THE ONE NEAREST
THE DOOR.

NOW, TO ROLL THIS SHIP
OUT, AND WAIT-



MOTOR TICKING OVER
SLOWLY, LUCKY SITS IN
THE COCKPIT, AND WAITS.



FOLLOWED BY THE ENRAG-
ED PILOTS, LUCKY TAXIS TO
THE END OF THE FIELD.-



-AND TAKES OFF

I'LL HAVE TO SEE TO IT
THAT THEY FOLLOW ME!



FEIGNING MOTOR TROUBLE
UNTIL HIS PURSUERS ARE
IN THE AIR? LUCKY HEADS
FOR THE ARMY FIELD-
AND THE FLYING FORT-
RESSES

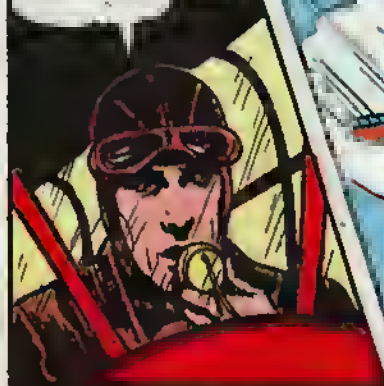


THERE THEY ARE I'LL
RADIO THEM



FOLLOWED BY THE SCARLET SQUADRON
SHIPS, LUCKY SIGHTS THE 3 FLYING
FORTRESSES, JUST AS DAWN BREAKS

SHUT OFF
YOUR MOTORS
AND SET DOWN
AT ONCE. LUCKY
BYRD, SPEAKING
FOR G-2!



MOTORS DEAD, THE 3 FORTRESSES
NOSE DOWN FOR A LANDING



WHILE, IN ONE
OF THE SQUADRON
SHIPS~

QUICK! TURN ON
YOUR SOUND
PROJECTORS.

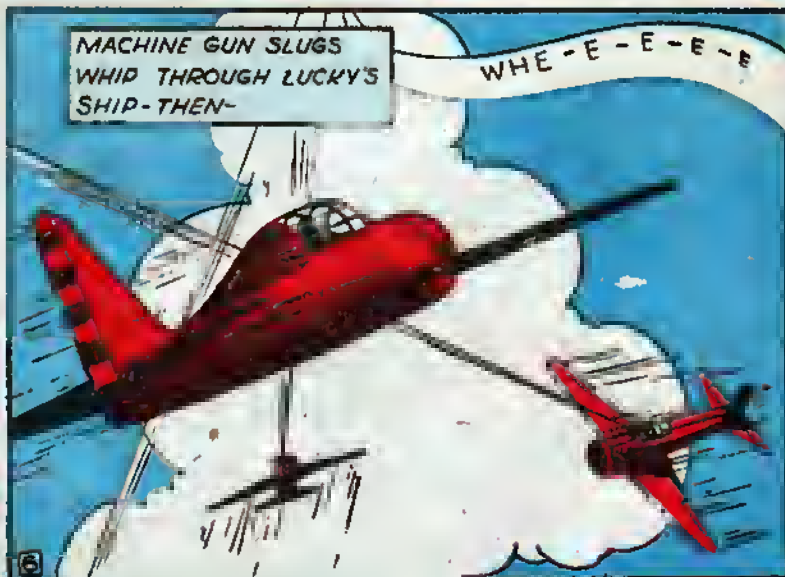


MOTORS SNARLING, THE
SQUADRON PLANES ALL
CONVERGE ON LUCKY.

THAT'S BYRD! SHOOT HIM
DOWN!



MACHINE GUN SLUGS
WHIP THROUGH LUCKY'S
SHIP- THEN-



THE MOTOR OF ONE OF
THE SQUADRON SHIPS
EXPLODES.

ONE DOWN! WHE-E-E-E

BOOM!

FOLLOWED IN RAPID
SUCCESSION BY THE OTHERS

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

AS THE LAST OF THE TRAITOR
SHIPS PLUNGES TO EARTH.

NOW, BACK TO SELFDRIDGE,
AND THE END OF THIS
MYSTERY.

NEXT DAY, AT THE WRECK
OF ONE OF THE SCARLET
SQUADRON PLANES.

YOU FOUND **PICRIC ACID** AND
BROKEN GLASS IN THE
FORTRESSES' GAS TANKS,
COL. CLIVE?

YES, AND A
COUPLE OF
UNBROKEN
VIALS AS WELL!
HERE THEY
ARE!

I KNOW HOW **PICRIC ACID**
WILL INCREASE THE POWER
OF GAS SO THAT A MOTOR
EXPLODES - BUT WHY DIDN'T
THE MOTORS EXPLODE
BEFORE THE SHIPS WERE
IN THE AIR?

BECAUSE THE
ACID **WASN'T IN**
THE GASOLINE
THEN. I'LL
SHOW YOU!

LEAVING THE VIALS OF
ACID ON THE GROUND,
LUCKY MANIPULATES A
DEVICE TAKEN FROM THE
SCARLET SQUADRON WRECK

WATCH THOSE
VIALS, COLONEL.

WHE-E-E-E

WHE-E-E-E

YOU SEE, THE **SOUND PROJ-
ECTOR SHATTERED THE VIALS**
LIKE A VIOLIN NOTE WILL
BREAK A WINE GLASS, THAT
RELEASED THE ACID INTO
THE GASOLINE, AND "BOOM"
WENT THE MOTORS.

NOW ALL WE
HAVE TO DO
IS **PICK UP**
THE TRAITORS
WHO PUT THOSE
VIALS IN THE
TANKS, AND
THE CASE IS
CLOSED.

ANOTHER LUCKY BYRD NEXT MONTH.

Moon

JUSTICE



A SPACEHAWK STORY

By Cecil Robinson

VOLL RUKOR's thick Martian lips stretched into a sardonic grin as he gunned his swift space-ship and headed off toward Earth.

Below him, on the broad expanse of red Martian tundra, was the grim prison from which he had, only a few minutes ago, been freed. For five long years, within those walls, he had hated and cursed his brother, who, in the meantime, was building the great tin mining plant Voll Rukor had tried to build. But in his rash efforts to push himself

ahead, Voll Rukor had attempted to swindle his own brother.

But now he was on his way to execute the revenge, wholly unjustifiable, that had developed in his heart toward his brother.

Martian authorities had given Rukor back his well-equipped ship, and before long he would put a swift end to the project he imagined should have been his.

A WEEK later Rukor's ship flashed out of the black, star-studded void, and swung into an arc parallel to the Moon's line of curvature. Years of prospecting on Earth's satellite had made him familiar with every crater, mountain range and sea bed on the planet.

He nosed his ship downward toward an exceptionally deep crater, whose weird shadows, not quite so dark as those in adjoining craters, showed that this gigantic pit was full of air. Rukor's sharp yellow eyes sought out and feasted upon the sprawling thing that was intended to be the largest tin mine and ore smelting plant in the solar system, and which, owned by American interests, would be of vital importance in industry and armament. Reverse rockets roared, and the ship came to a stop in a gulley of ancient lava.

Quickly Rukor was out of the ship.

In one hand he carried a heavy metal electron lamp, and in the other he gripped a deadly

object that was very precious to him. It was the powerful atom bomb he had painstakingly constructed in the laboratory of his space ship during his trip from Mars.

He went directly to a certain spot—a pile of lava rocks against a towering cliff. Here, more than five years before, the Rukor brothers had discovered the vast vein of cassiterite, or tin ore.

It took Rukor only a few minutes to clear away the rocks. Then he was inside the tunnel, and heading in the direction of the main artery.

Presently he heard the dull throb of riveters above, and knew that he was under the construction site. Carefully he adjusted the timing device in the bomb, and squeezed it into a fissure.

His moment had almost arrived. Within a short time, when he would be thousands of miles away, a tremendous explosion would blast in the caverns and arteries, and the half-finished buildings above would plunge down in a heap of rubble that would be forever a grave for his brother and the workmen!

He turned and ran, for suddenly he felt as though he couldn't get out soon enough. What if the bomb should explode prematurely?

He tried to run faster, but instead, he came to an abrupt halt, and uttered a nervous scream!

DIRECTLY in front of him, barring his way to freedom, was a tall, powerful figure. Rukor shrank back as he recognized the piercing, gray eyes.

"Spacehawk!" he panted in a dry, quaking voice. Rukor all but wilted under Spacehawk's mind-penetrating gaze.

"Voll Rukor, go back and get that bomb!" Spacehawk snapped.

Rukor's thin fingers clamped around the electron lamp he held before him. His hatred for Spacehawk was almost as great as his fear of him!

The heavy lamp flashed thru the air, directly for Spacehawk's

head. Spacehawk crouched and whipped himself sideways, but agile as he was, one end of the spinning missile struck him a glancing blow, and he stumbled against the tunnel wall.

In that instant Rukor leaped around Spacehawk, and darted away at full speed. He didn't waste time looking behind him, but in his mind's eye he could see Spacehawk leveling his blast pistol, and momentarily he expected a knife of flame in his back!

Like a frightened rat he scrambled over the lava mounds and fairly dived into his ship. His trembling fingers seized the controls, setting them for a swift take-off . . . but the ship remained immobile as a log!

Spacehawk had cut all the wires! It would require precious minutes to repair the damage. Meanwhile . . . ?

He scrambled out of the ship, climbed to the top of a ridge, and looked about. No sign of Spacehawk. Was it possible that he had injured or perhaps even killed him?

SUDDENLY, Spacehawk shot out of the tunnel, stopped, and hurled something into the sky. There was a low whine as the object zipped up with the speed of a bullet.

There was no sound when the bomb exploded, for Spacehawk hurled it into the airless void outside the crater. Just a silent flash of purple flame against the stars!

Then Spacehawk was upon the Martian. "It's a good thing you didn't go after that bomb!" Spacehawk said. "You might not have made it in time!"

Before he could realize what was happening, Rukor found himself in Spacehawk's ship, and planted before a large telosor screen.

"America has given me the right to some broad powers," Spacehawk ground out, "but one thing I can't do is give you your sentence. The World Court in America will do that—now!"

Rukor's heart sank. This would mean another long stretch in some vile prison. He couldn't stand it! But what was there to do? Now the grave face of a judge appeared on the telosor screen, and Spacehawk briefly gave the details of the Martian's treachery. The judge scrutinized the prisoner. Then he spoke.

"Voll Rukor, I hereby sentence you to ninety days of hard labor in the North Prison Camp of the Moon!"

Rukor sat upright. He could scarcely believe his ears. Ninety days! What was a mere ninety days? In only three months he could come back, and by some method or other, do what he had just failed to do!

He grinned to himself as the judge addressed Spacehawk.

"Spacehawk, you're doing a splendid job of safeguarding America and its industries. Would you please deliver this man to the Moon's North Prison? If he still has criminal notions when he gets out seven years from now, I hope you'll be around to prevent further trouble!"

As the judge's face faded from the screen, Rukor sprang from his chair.

"WHERE does he get that seven year stuff!" he shouted indignantly. "He just got thru sentencing me to ninety days!"

Spacehawk calmly surveyed Rukor's angry, distorted face.

"The judge wasn't speaking of Earth days when he sentenced you," Spacehawk explained. "He was speaking of Moon days. They're twenty-eight times longer than Earth days, you know. That makes seven Earth years, doesn't it?"

The truth suddenly dawned on Voll Rukor. His shaking jaw dropped in resignation, and he slumped to the floor.

THE END

A Fantastic Feature Film in Comicolor

Treasure Island

RETOLD IN
PICTURES
by HAROLD DELAY
[SET 2.]

By Robert Louis Stevenson



THINGS BEGAN HAPPENING AROUND THE "ADMIRAL BENBOW" INN WHEN CAPTAIN BILL ARRIVED, BUT DR. LIVESY SOON QUIETED THE GRUFF OLD SEAMAN. WHEN BLACK DOG CAME, BILL CHASED HIM AWAY AFTER A FIGHT, BUT WHEN THE BLIND MAN CAME AND GAVE BILL THE BLACK SPOT, HE FELL FACE DOWNWARD TO THE FLOOR.

DOWN WENT PEW WITH A CRY THAT RANG HIGH INTO THE NIGHT...

"Now go on with the Story—"



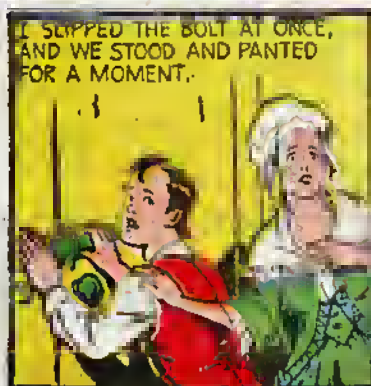
I LOST NO TIME IN TELLING MY MOTHER ALL I KNEW ABOUT THE CAPTAIN...



WE FOUND OURSELVES IN A DANGEROUS POSITION, AND WENT FOR HELP.



BUT, NO ONE WOULD RETURN WITH US TO THE "ADMIRAL BENBOW"! WE HAD TO GO BACK ALONE!



I SLIPPED THE BOLT AT ONCE, AND WE STOOD AND PANTED FOR A MOMENT.



WE ADVANCED INTO THE PARLOR. CAPTAIN BILL LAY AS WE LEFT HIM, ON HIS BACK, WITH HIS EYES WIDE OPEN!



I TORE OPEN HIS
SHIRT, AND FOUND
THE KEY TO HIS
CHEST.



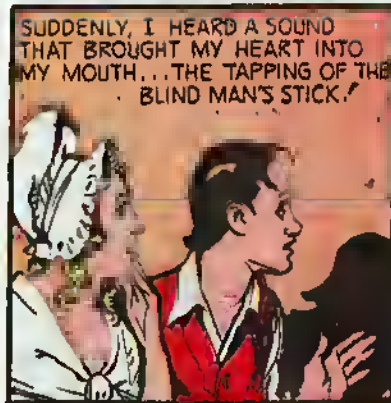
TOGETHER WE OPENED
IT AND FOUND...



...A BUNDLE TIED IN OIL CLOTH... AND
A CANVAS BAG WITH THE JINGLE
OF GOLD.



MOTHER COUNTED OUT THE AMOUNT
OF THE CAPTAIN'S BILL FROM HIS
BAG INTO THE ONE I WAS HOLDING.



SUDDENLY, I HEARD A SOUND
THAT BROUGHT MY HEART INTO
MY MOUTH... THE TAPPING OF THE
BLIND MAN'S STICK.



WE COULD HEAR THE DOOR HANDLE
BEING TURNED... THE BOLT
RATTLED, THEN SILENCE.



WE OPENED THE
DOOR AND RAN
FOR OUR LIVES.



THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOT-
STEPS CAME TO OUR EARS. "TAKE
THE MONEY AND RUN ON" MY
MOTHER SAID, "I AM GOING TO
FAINT."



I MANAGED TO DRAG HER DOWN THE BANK AND UNDER AN ARCH... WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE INN.



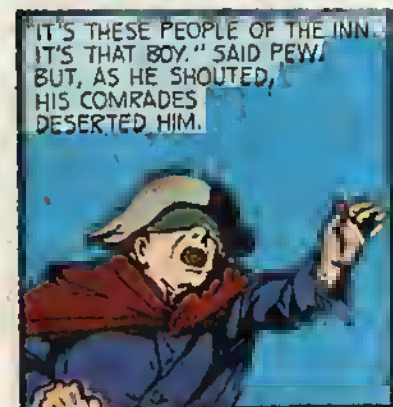
MY ENEMIES, SEVEN OR EIGHT OF THEM, BEGAN TO ARRIVE. IN THE MIDDLE WAS THE BLIND BEGGAR.



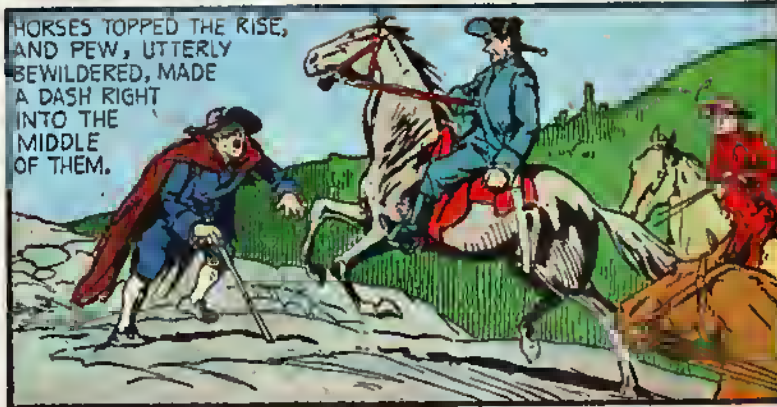
DOWN WITH THE DOOR!" HE CRIED. THEY WERE SURPRISED TO FIND THE INN DOOR OPEN. TWO REMAINED ON THE ROAD WITH THE BEGGAR.



BILL'S DEAD. HE'S BEEN OVERHAULED A' READY. NOTHING LEFT."



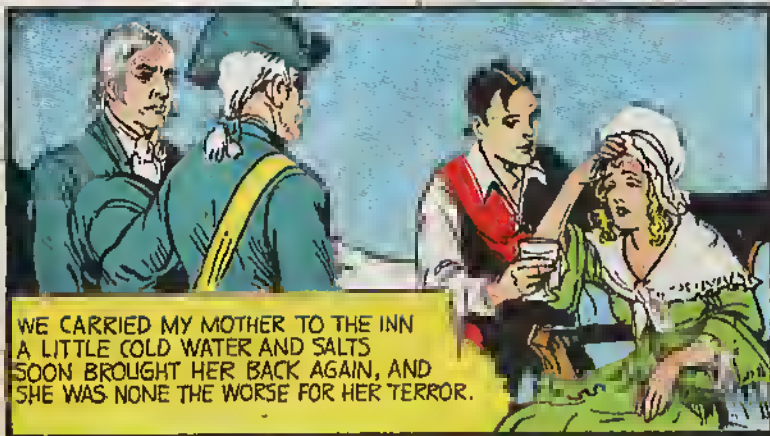
IT'S THESE PEOPLE OF THE INN. IT'S THAT BOY." SAID PEW. BUT, AS HE SHOUTED, HIS COMRADES DESERTED HIM.



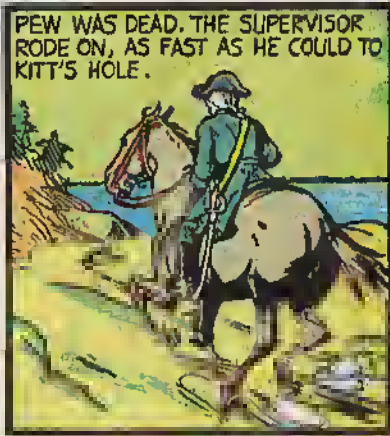
HORSES TOPPED THE RISE, AND PEW, UTTERLY BEWILDERED, MADE A DASH RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THEM.

HAILED THE RIDERS. THEY WERE PULLING UP HORRIFIED AT THE ACCIDENT. NEWS OF A THREE MASTED SHIP IN KITT'S HOLE HAD FOUND ITS WAY TO SUPERVISOR DANCE, AND SET HIM FORTH THAT NIGHT IN OUR DIRECTION...

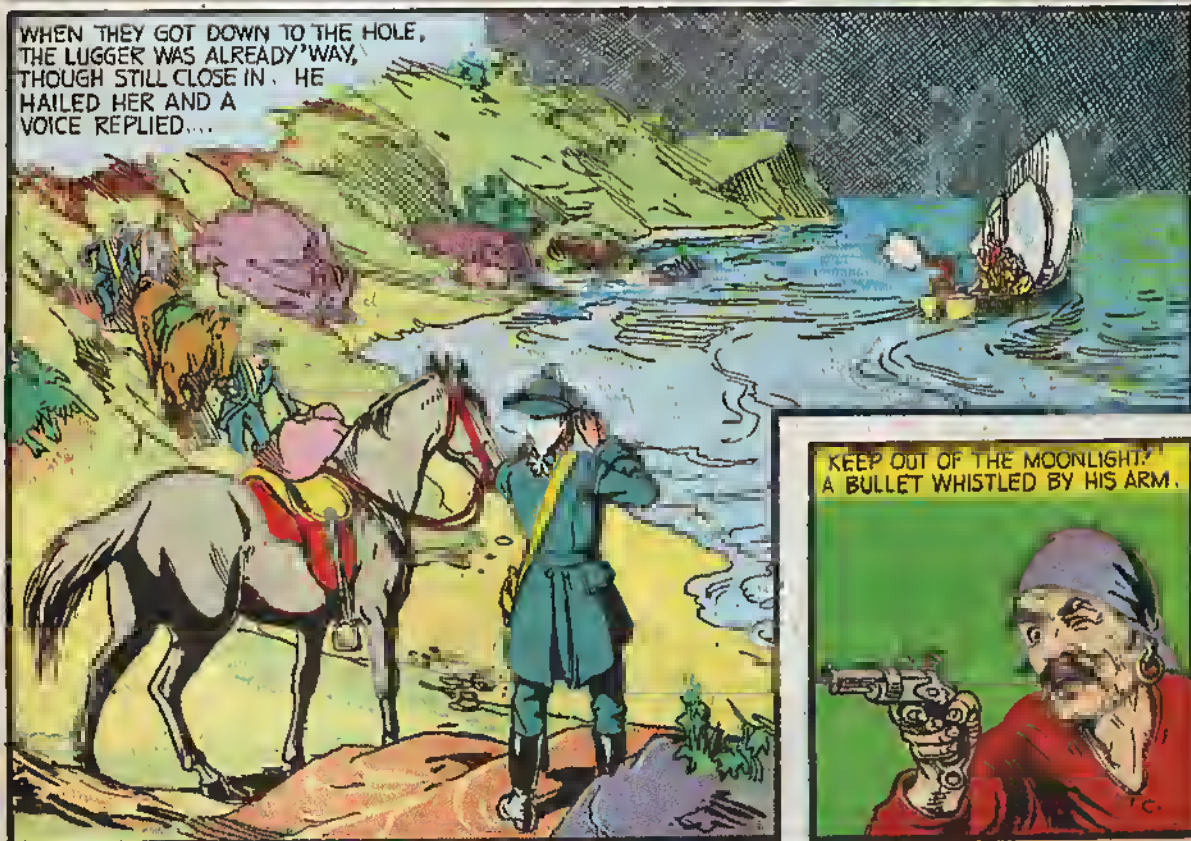




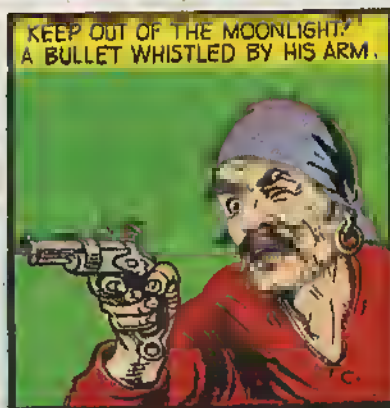
WE CARRIED MY MOTHER TO THE INN
A LITTLE COLD WATER AND SALTS
SOON BROUGHT HER BACK AGAIN, AND
SHE WAS NONE THE WORSE FOR HER TERROR.



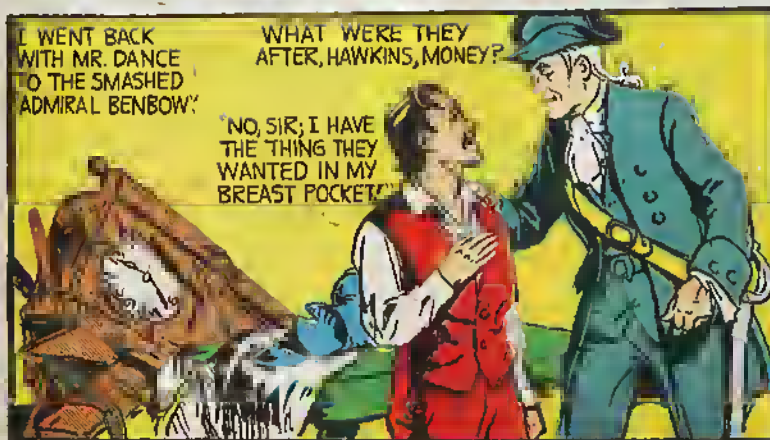
PEW WAS DEAD. THE SUPERVISOR
RODE ON, AS FAST AS HE COULD TO
KIT'S HOLE.



WHEN THEY GOT DOWN TO THE HOLE,
THE LUGGER WAS ALREADY WAY,
THOUGH STILL CLOSE IN. HE
HAILED HER AND A
VOICE REPLIED....



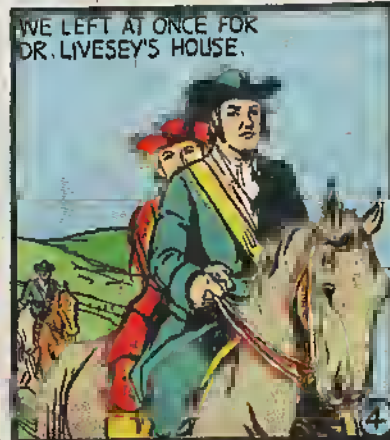
KEEP OUT OF THE MOONLIGHT!
A BULLET WHISTLED BY HIS ARM.



I WENT BACK
WITH MR. DANCE
TO THE SMASHED
ADMIRAL BENBOW.

WHAT WERE THEY
AFTER, HAWKINS, MONEY?

"NO, SIR, I HAVE
THE THING THEY
WANTED IN MY
BREAST POCKET."



WE LEFT AT ONCE FOR
DR. LIVESEY'S HOUSE.

THE MAID SAID THAT DR. LIVESEY
HAD GONE TO DINE WITH
SQUIRE TRELAWNEY.



THIS TIME I DID NOT
MOUNT, BUT RAN,
WITH DOGGER'S
STIRRUP-LEATHER,
TO THE LODGE
GATES..



MR. DANCE, TAKING ME
WITH HIM, WAS ADMIT-
TED INTO THE HOUSE..



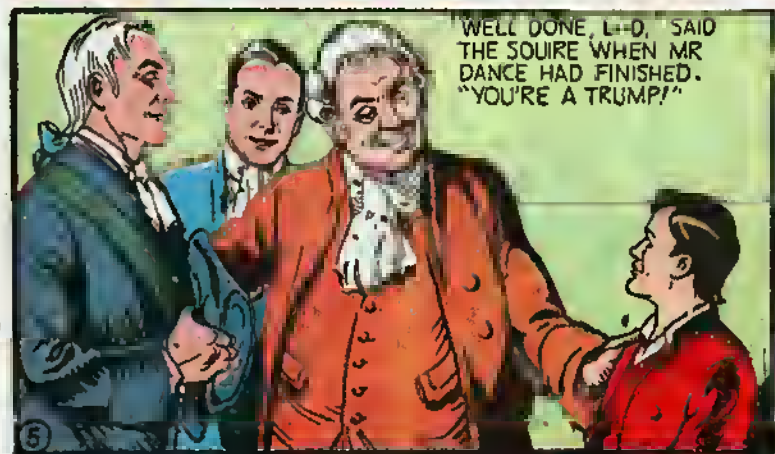
THE SQUIRE,
SITTING WITH
DR. LIVESEY,
HAD A BLUFF,
ROUGH-AND-
READY FACE.



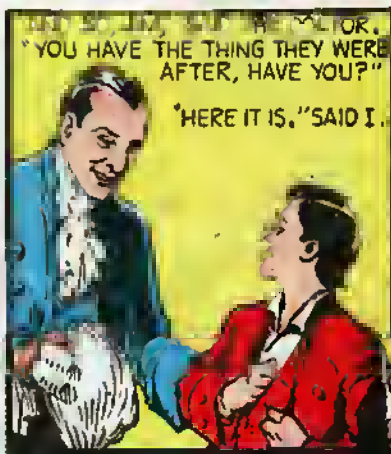
THE SUPERVISOR TOLD HIS STORY
LIKE A LESSON. THE TWO GENTLEMEN
LEANED FORWARD WITH GREAT INTEREST.



"WELL DONE, L-O-D," SAID
THE SQUIRE WHEN MR
DANCE HAD FINISHED.
"YOU'RE A TRUMP!"

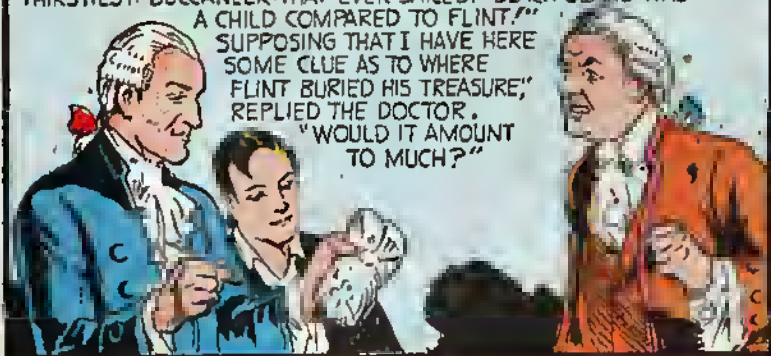


"YOU HAVE THE THING THEY WERE
AFTER, HAVE YOU?"



"HERE IT IS," SAID I..

"FLINT.. YOU HAVE HEARD OF HIM, I SUPPOSE?"
 "HEARD OF HIM," CRIED THE SQUIRE. "HE WAS THE BLOOD-
 THIRSTIEST, BUCCANEER THAT EVER SAILED." BLACK BEARD WAS
 A CHILD COMPARED TO FLINT!"
 "SUPPOSING THAT I HAVE HERE
 SOME CLUE AS TO WHERE
 FLINT BURIED HIS TREASURE,"
 REPLIED THE DOCTOR.
 "WOULD IT AMOUNT
 TO MUCH?"



CAPTAIN FLINT, THE PIRATE.

"MUCH?" THE SQUIRE SHOUTED. "WHAT
 WERE THOSE VILLAINS AFTER, BUT MONEY?
 THEY COULD BUY AND SELL THE KING'S
 NAVY, I'LL WAGER!"



THE DOCTOR OPENED THE SEALS WITH GREAT CARE
 AND THERE FELL OUT THE MAP OF TREASURE ISLAND..



IT WAS ABOUT NINE MILES LONG, AND FIVE ACROSS. SHAPED,
 YOU MIGHT SAY, LIKE A FAT DRAGON STANDING UP.

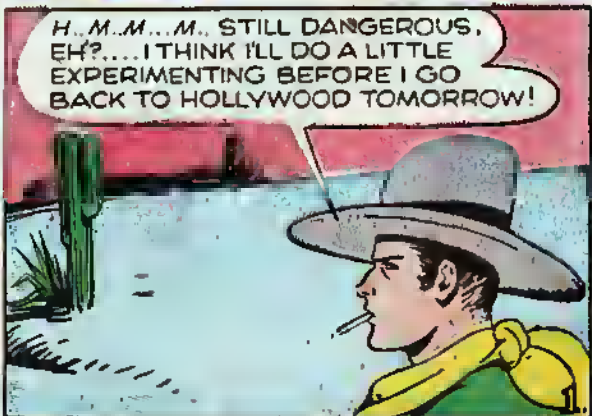
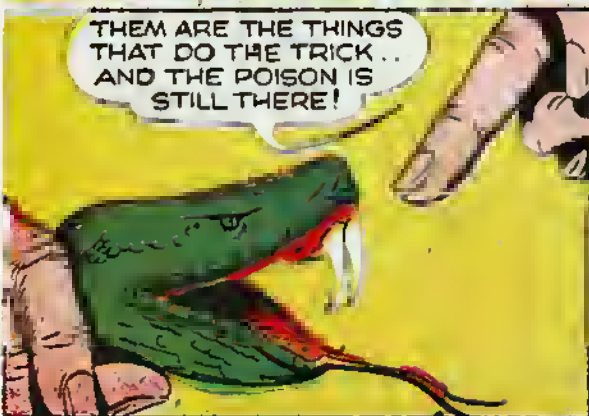
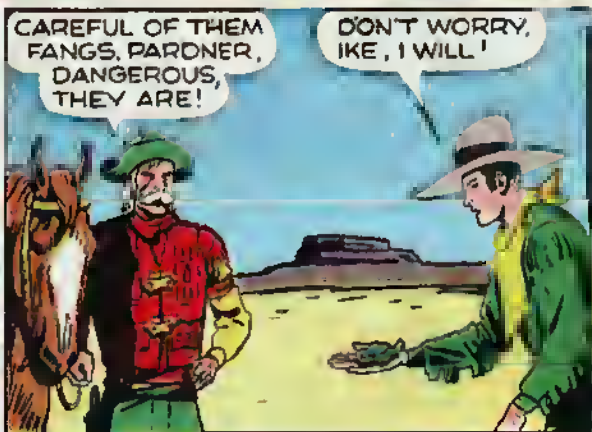
THIS ADVENTUROUS STORY CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
TARGET COMICS!

BULL'S-EYE

BILL



TEX CONNOR, THE HOLLYWOOD COWBOY, IS SMARTING FROM HIS FAILURE TO RIDE THE BRONC AT BILL'S RODEO. HE STAYS ON... AN UNWELCOME GUEST AT TARGET RANCH. NEEDLESS TO SAY, HE IS LOOKING FOR REVENGE!



BILL CONTINUES TO RIDE

YIPPEE!

AND TRAIN THE NEW STOCK

EASY, PARDNER,
EASY...

BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

MIGHTY
STRANGE!

DEADER'N A BUZZARD'S
BREAKFAST! WONDER
WHAT KILLED 'EM? COULDN'T
'A BEEN THE RIDIN'!

NEXT DAY
BILL GOES
TO WORK ON
ANOTHER.

CAN'T...
FIGURE..
IT....
OUT!

THEN, ON THE FOURTH
MORNING...

ANOTHER'N DONE
FER, BILLY, THAT'S
THE THIRD
STRAIGHT!

BRING THAT SADDLE
IN, IKE! I'M THROUGH
RIDIN' FER AWHILE!

WELL, NOW I SHORE
GOTTA TURN SLEUTH!
WHAT IN TAR NATION
IS KILLIN' THEM
HORSES?

H..M..M.. STRAP
BUCKLE'S SCRATCHIN'
ME! ... RIGHT QUEER
ABOUT THEM HORSES!



THAT DAY AT LUNCH . . .

AIN'TCHA
HUNGRY,
OLD
TIMER?

NAW.. FEEL
KINDA
QUEER..

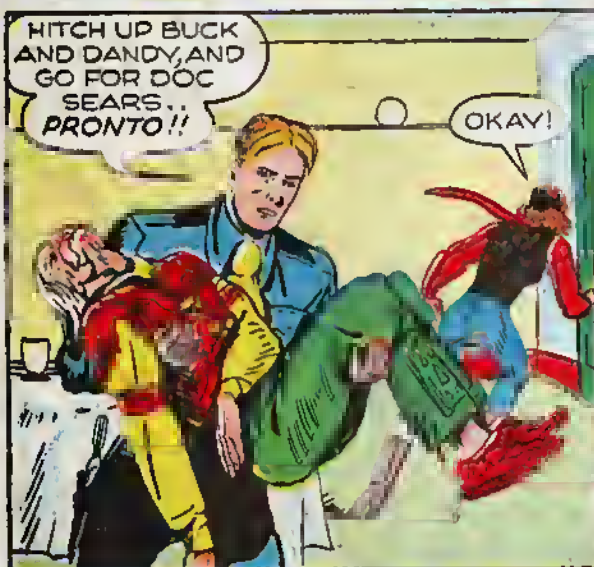


BILL! HE'S
PASSED OUT!



HITCH UP BUCK
AND DANDY, AND
GO FOR DOC
SEARS..
PRONTO!!

OKAY!

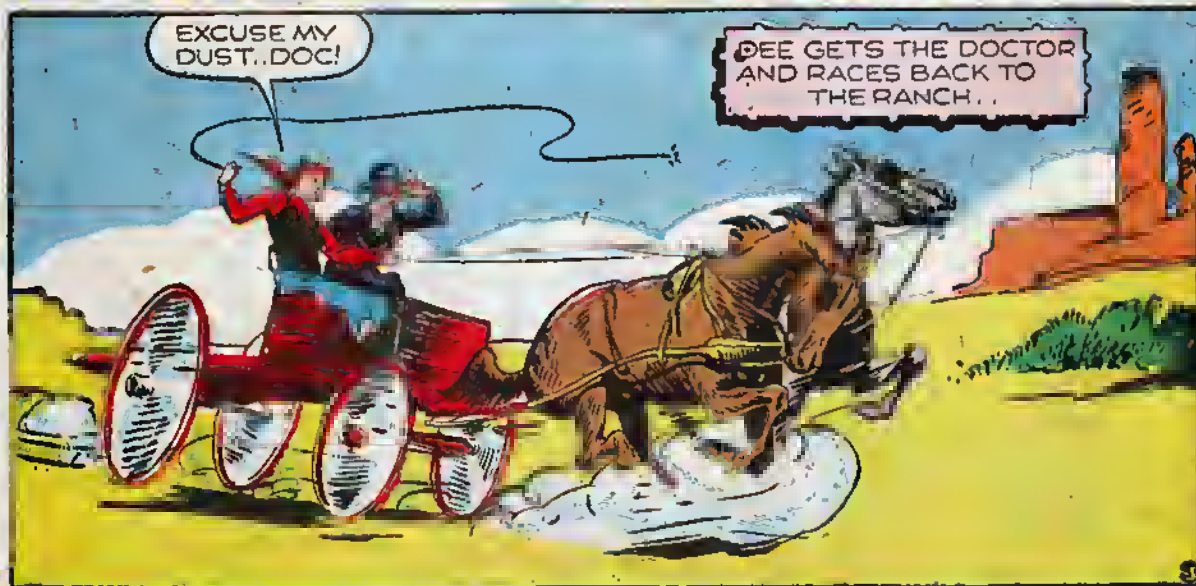


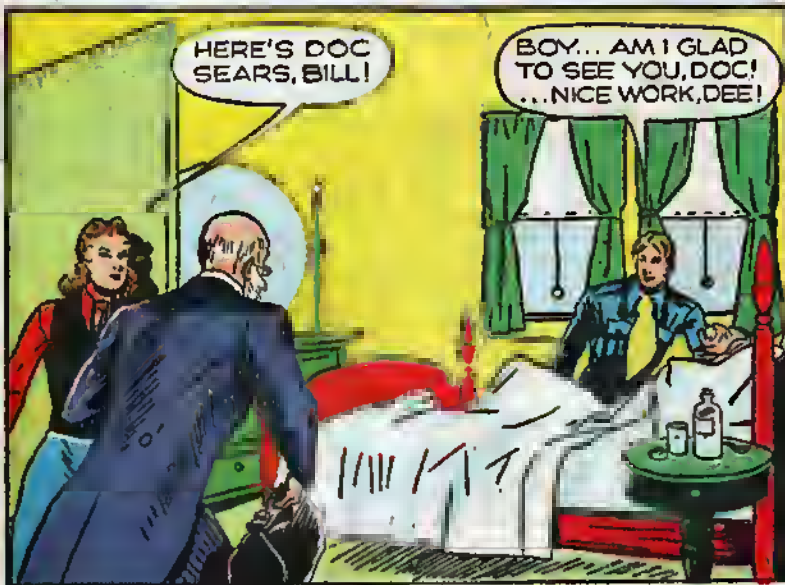
YOU'VE GOT TO
DO YOUR STUFF
NOW, DARLINGS!
...FOR IKE!



EXCUSE MY
DUST..DOC!

DEE GETS THE DOCTOR
AND RACES BACK TO
THE RANCH..



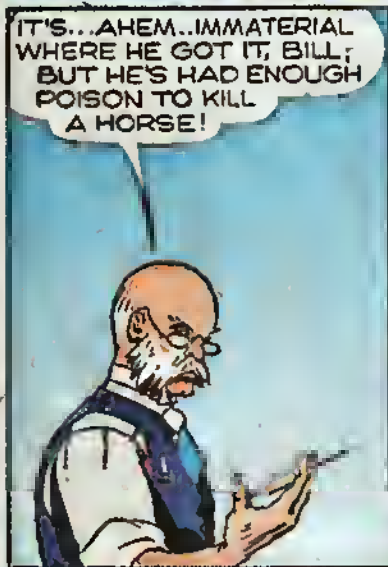


HERE'S DOC SEARS, BILL!

BOY... AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, DOC! ...NICE WORK, DEE!



SNAKE-BITE! GOTTA WORK FAST, OR ELSE!



IT'S... AHM...IMMATERIAL WHERE HE GOT IT, BILL; BUT HE'S HAD ENOUGH POISON TO KILL A HORSE!



LATER.

DOC SAYS HE'S OUT OF DANGER NOW! THANKS TO THE INJECTIONS!

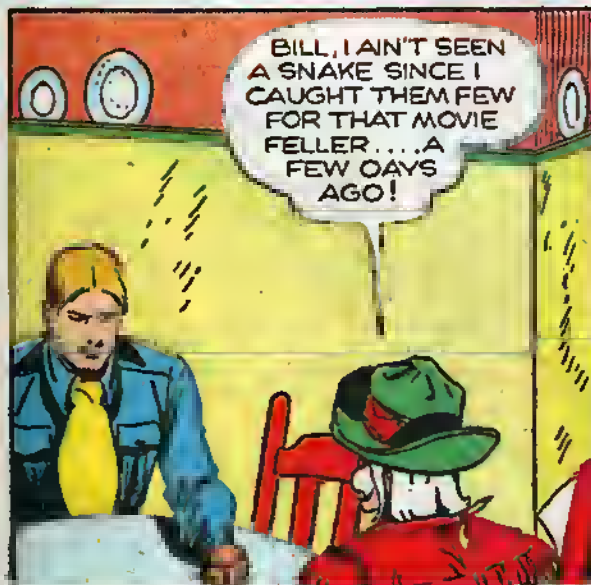
OH, I'M SO GLAD!



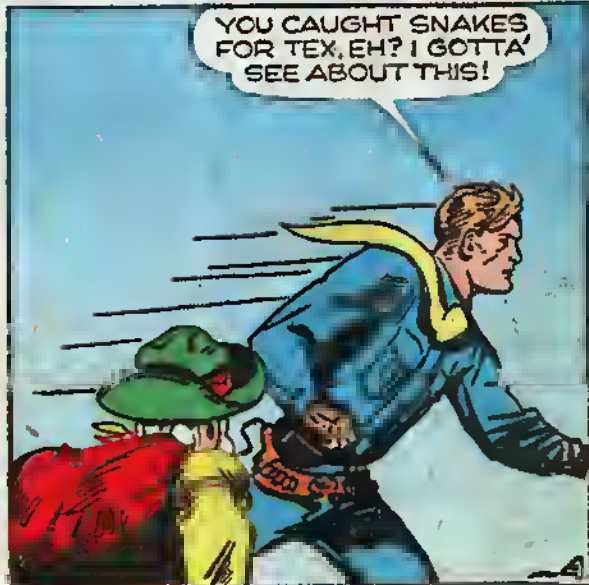
NEXT DAY..

RAWHIDE.. WE GOTTA GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! YOU DON'T REMEMBER MEETIN' UP WITH ANY SNAKES DO YOU?

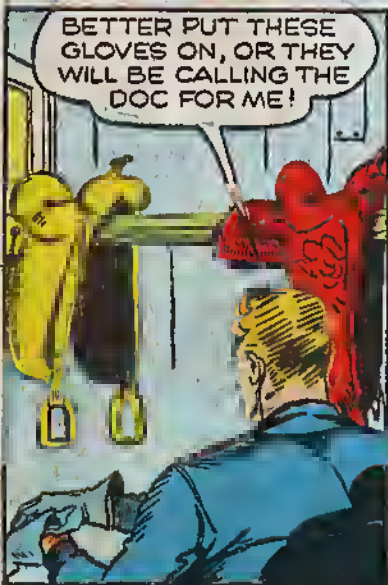
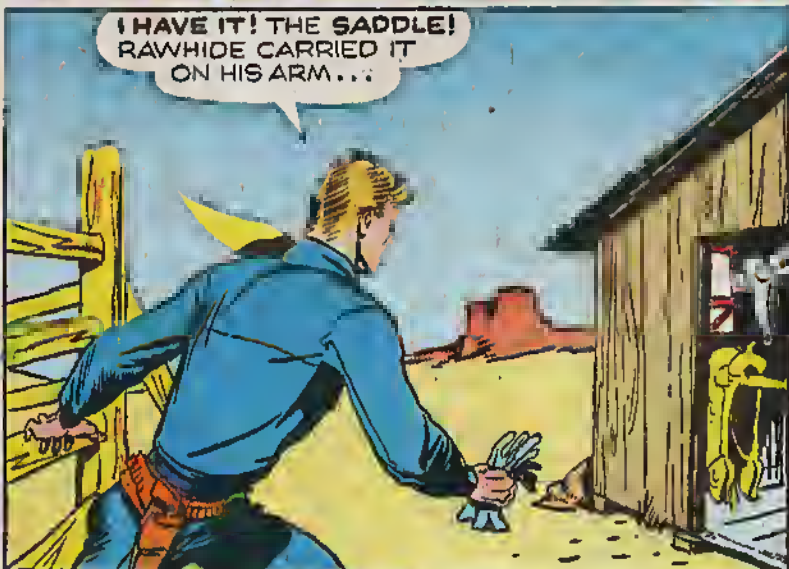
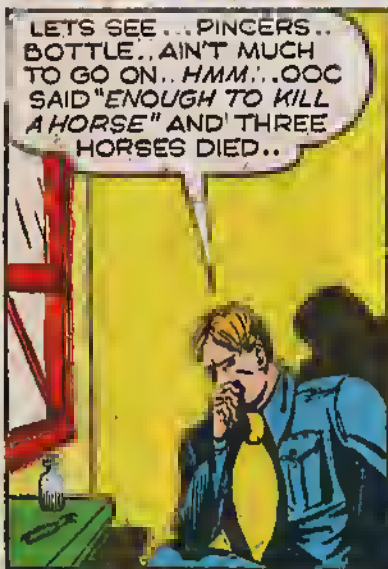
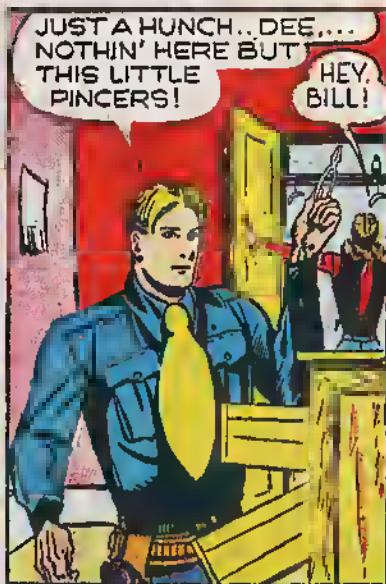
NO, 'CEPTIN HUMAN ONES!



BILL, I AIN'T SEEN A SNAKE SINCE I CAUGHT THEM FEW FOR THAT MOVIE FELLER... A FEW OAYS AGO!

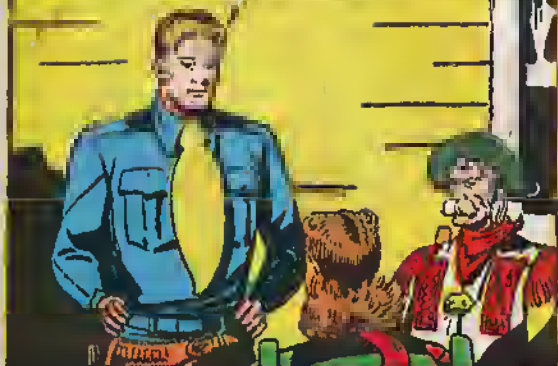


YOU CAUGHT SNAKES FOR TEX, EH? I GOTTA SEE ABOUT THIS!



LATER...

WELL FOLKS, TEX IS DUE
BACK TODAY, HE'S GUILTY!
MOTIVE... REVENGE...
BUT WE STILL HAVE TO
PROVE IT...SOMEHOW...



TEX... ONLY ONE PERSON BESIDES
US KNEW ABOUT THOSE HORSES...
THE GUY THAT POISONED THEM!
THAT GUY HAD THIS STUFF IN HIS
ROOM... DO YOU FOLLOW ME?



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU
MEAN!

YOU SHORE USED THE RIGHT
POISON... SO, I'LL GIVE YOU
SOME OF MY OWN!... NOW
GIT OUT... AND STAY OUT!



YOU SHORE EVENED
THINGS UP FOR ME,
BILLY!

O.K., IKE,
THAT'S ONE
RATTLESNAKE
WE WON'T
HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT
FROM NOW ON!



AH... TARGET RANCH
ONCE AGAIN! NOW'S MY
CHANCE TO DO A
LITTLE ACTING!



HOWDY, FOLKS, SORRY
TO HEAR ABOUT THE
HORSES!

HORSES?



OH, YOU DON'T!
WELL, I'LL SHOW
YOU!



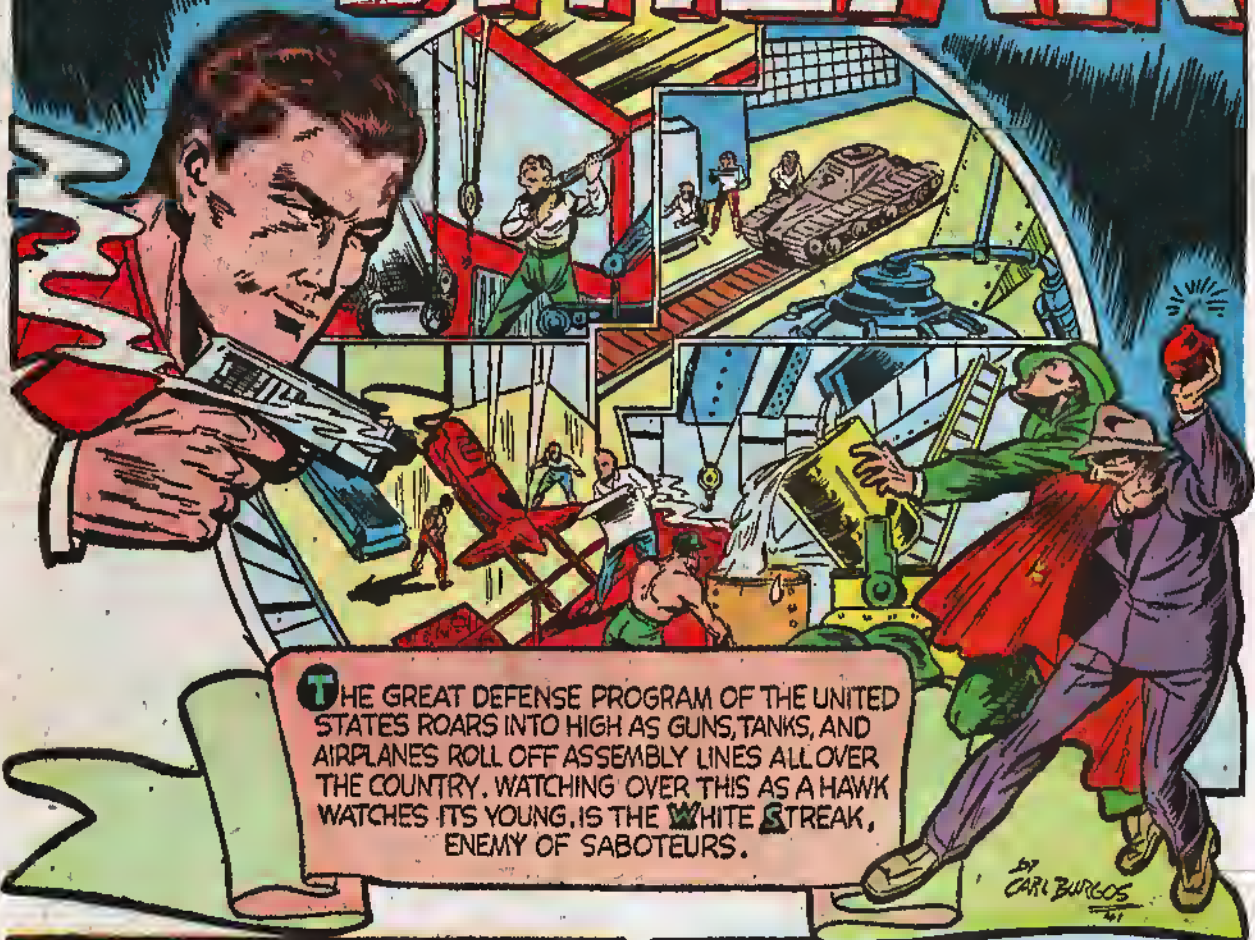
**BULL'S
EYE
BILL!**



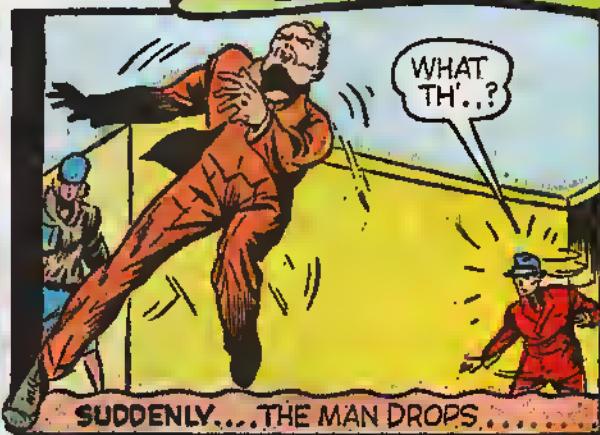
in next month's

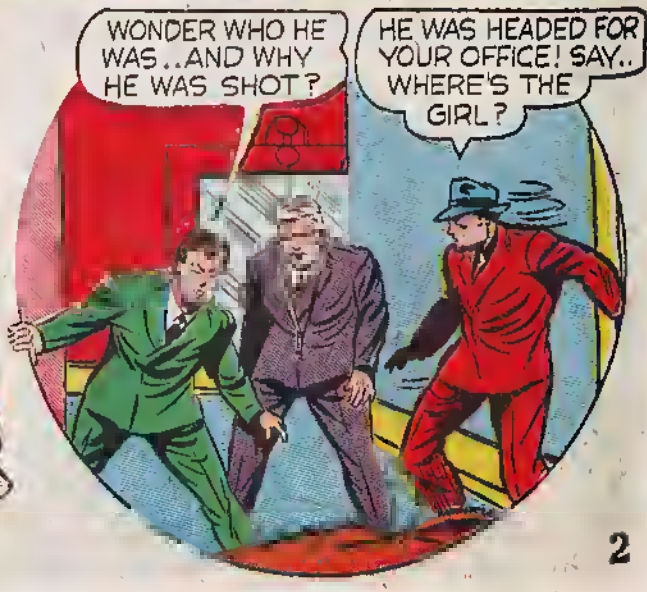
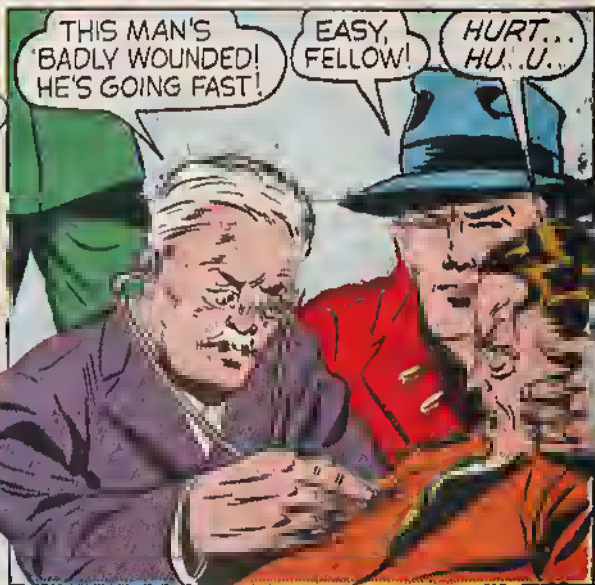
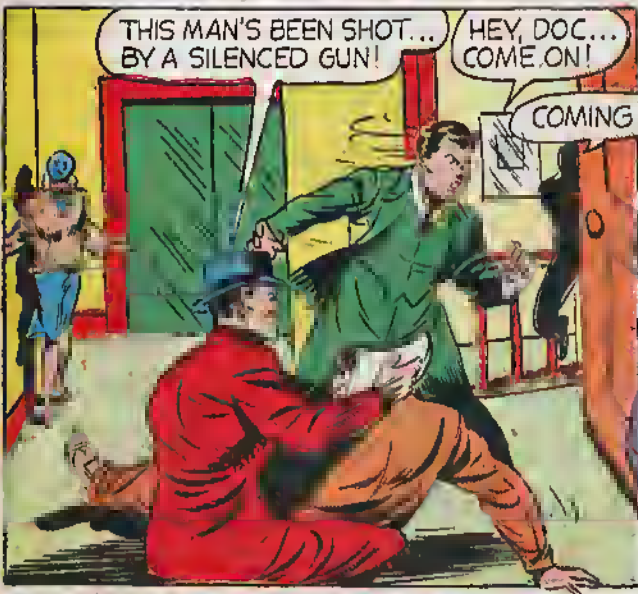
TARGET
Comics

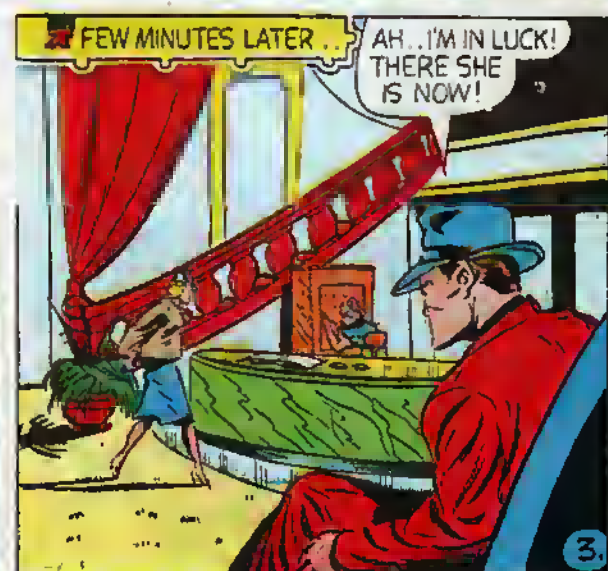
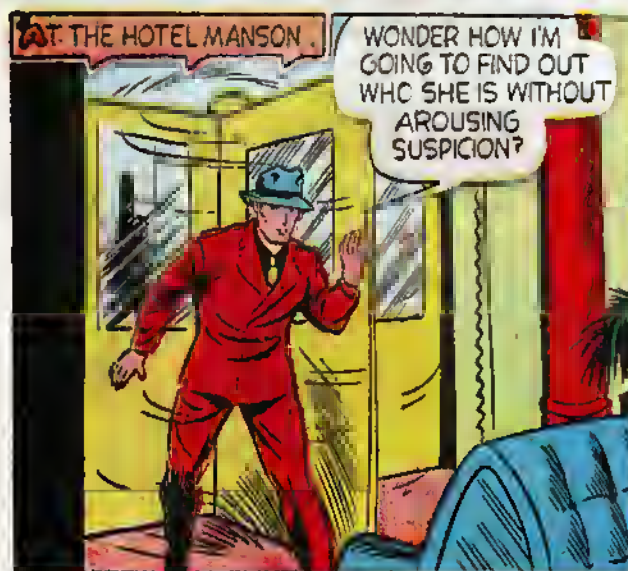
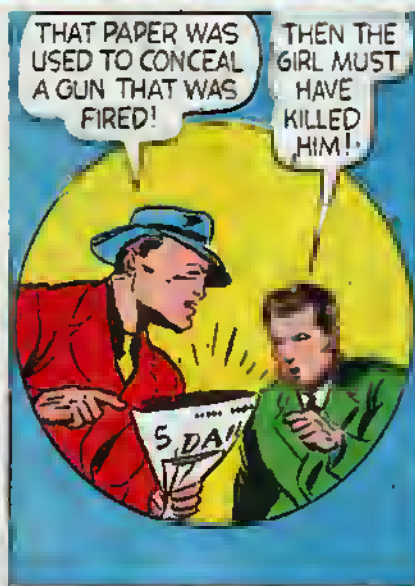
The WHITE STREAK



AS THE WHITE STREAK TURNS INTO THE CORRIDOR LEADING FROM F.B.I. AGENT HOOK'S OFFICE HE SEES...









AS THE GIRL ENTERS THE ELEVATOR, THE WHITE STREAK RACES FOR THE STAIRS.



ON THE THIRD FLOOR...

CORRIDOR'S EMPTY, SHE MUST BE IN HER ROOM!



BUT...AS THE WHITE STREAK STARES ABOUT THE ROOM, A CURTAIN PARTS AND...



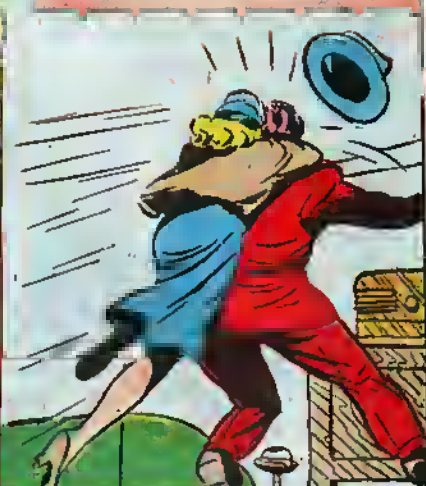
AWARE OF HIS PREDICAMENT, THE STREAK
SUDDENLY RUBS HIS FOOT ACROSS THE CARPET,
CHARGING IT WITH ELECTRONS



WIND SPARKS
FLY FROM THE
GUN THAT
THREATENS
HIM,



DROPPING THE CRACKLING
GUN, THE STREAK'S CAPTOR
LEAPS AT HIM!



THE SUDDENNESS OF THE ATTACK
CATCHES THE STREAK OFF
GUARD, THE TWO CRASH
TO THE FLOOR



BEFORE THE STREAK CAN
GET HIS BEARINGS

TRY THAT ON..
JUST FOR SIZE!



THE STREAK, DAZED,
IS UNABLE TO PROTECT
HIMSELF

DOESN'T FIT
WELL, DOES IT?



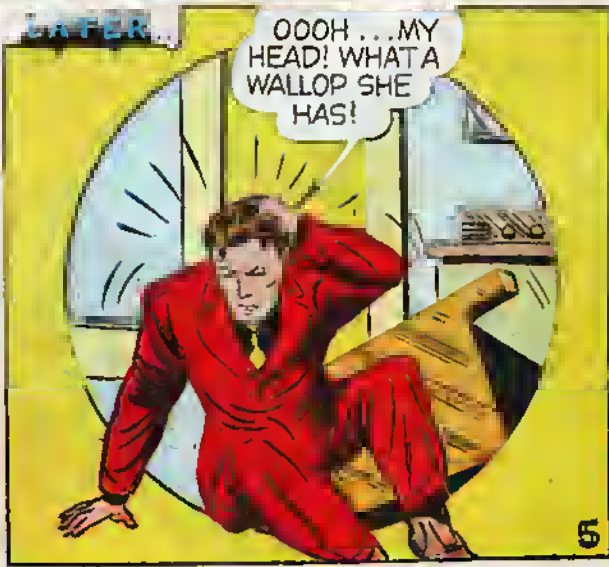
AND

MAYBE
THIS WILL,
WISE GUY!!



LATER

OOOH...MY
HEAD! WHAT A
WALLOP SHE
HAS!



SHE'S GONE!
WELL ...



MIGHT AS WELL GET
SOME WATER FOR
THIS HEAD
OF MINE!

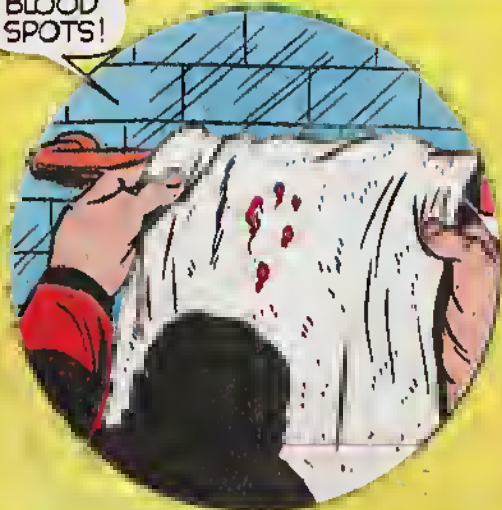


THE STREAK PICKS UP THE
TOWEL TO DAMPEN IT AND ...

WHAT'S
THIS?

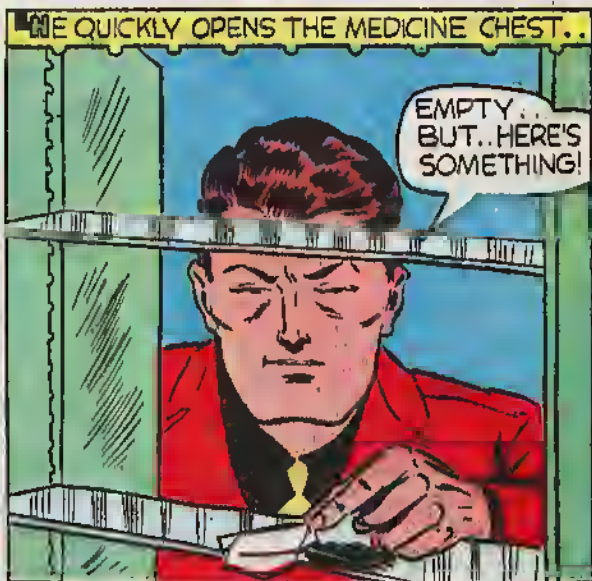


BLOOD
SPOTS!



HE QUICKLY OPENS THE MEDICINE CHEST...

EMPTY...
BUT...HERE'S
SOMETHING!



HMMM...THIS SETTLES
IT! I THOUGHT THERE
WAS SOMETHING PHONY
ABOUT THIS CASE!



WELL, THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING LEFT
TO DO!



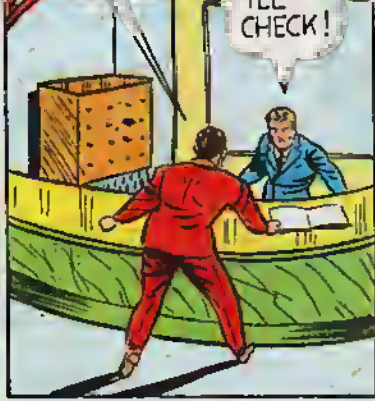
AT THE HOTEL DESK, THE STREAK SHOWS THE BADGE GIVEN HIM BY HOOK.

WHO'S THAT GIRL IN ROOM 307?



HER NAME'S ROSA WILLIAMS, SHE HAS BEEN HERE ONLY ONE DAY!

IS THAT ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT HER? HOW ABOUT PHONE CALLS?



JUST A MINUTE, SIR... I'LL CHECK!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

SHE HAS RECEIVED ONLY ONE CALL, AND PUT ONLY ONE THROUGH, SIR. THAT NUMBER WAS MAYVIEW 6440!



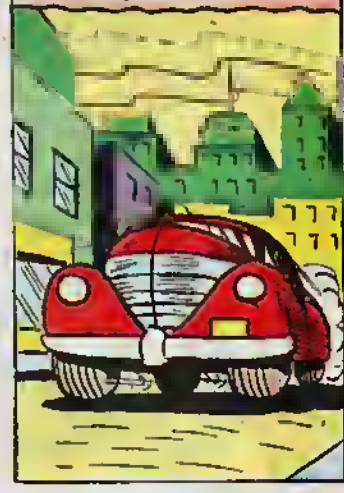
THANKS... I THINK THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED!



HELLO, HOOK! GET ME THE PHONE SUBSCRIBER AT MAYVIEW 6440! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



THE WHITE STREAK RACES BACK TO THE F.B.I.



IN AGENT HOOK'S OFFICE...

HAVE ROOM 307 AT THE MANS ON PROCESSED FOR FINGERPRINTS! DID YOU GET THAT SUBSCRIBER'S NAME?



YES... IT'S THE HURTZ AVIATION COMPANY!

THAT'S WHAT THAT FELLOW WAS TRYING TO TELL US BEFORE HE DIED! WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE GIRL!

HURTZ, EH? THEN THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADED! GIRL? THAT'S NO GIRL, HOOK... IT'S A MAN!



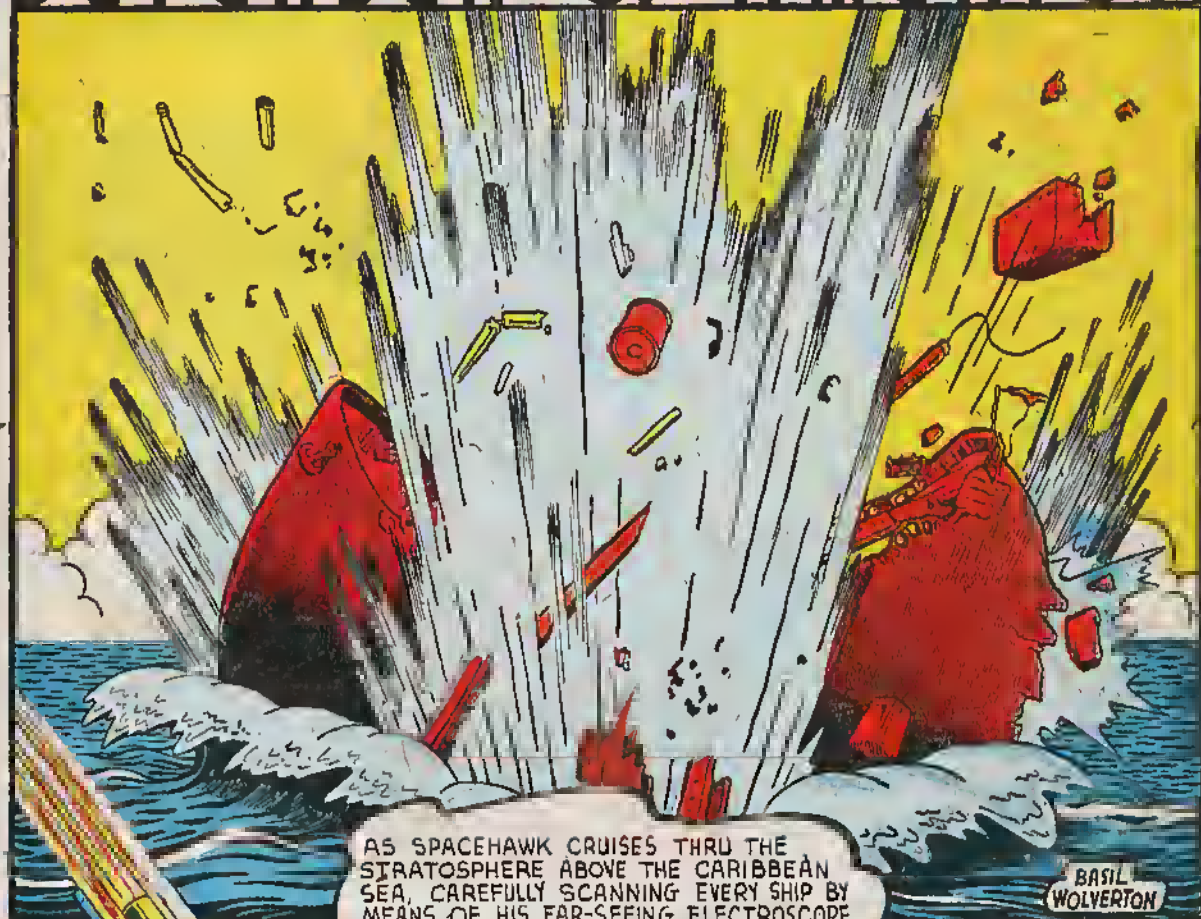
WHAT GOES ON

WHAT WERE THE CLUES FOUND BY THE... WHITE STREAK...

YOU CAN FIND OUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS..

SPACEHAWK

DEFENDER OF AMERICA



AS SPACEHAWK CRUISES THRU THE STRATOSPHERE ABOVE THE CARIBBEAN SEA, CAREFULLY SCANNING EVERY SHIP BY MEANS OF HIS FAR-SEEING ELECTROSCOPE, HE IS SHOCKED TO SEE A LONE AMERICAN FREIGHTER RENT APART BY AN EXPLOSION...

BASIL WOLVERTON

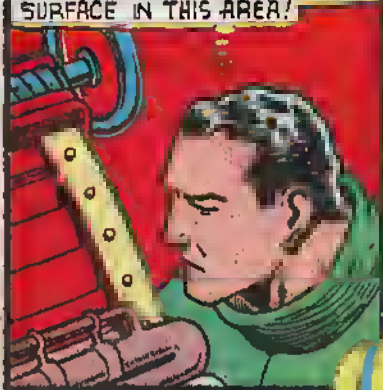
SPACEHAWK SWOOPS SEAWARD — HOPING TO RESCUE SOME OF THE CREW —

TOO LATE! NOTHING BUT DEBRIS LEFT ON THE SURFACE!

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT MINES HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN THESE WATERS?



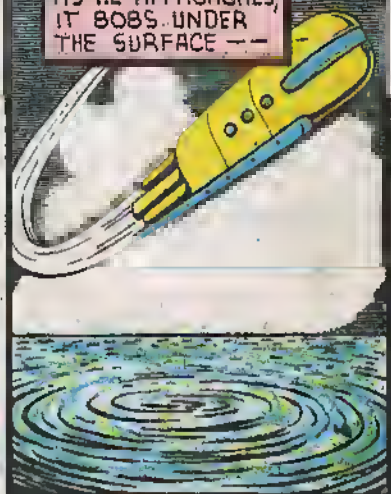
THE PRESENCE OF MINES HERE WOULD BE AN EXTREMELY SERIOUS MATTER! THE PACIFIC FLEET HAS JUST PASSED THRU THE PANAMA CANAL, AND IS HEADED THIS WAY! I'D BETTER GO OVER EVERY FOOT OF THE SURFACE IN THIS AREA!



SPACEHAWK'S ELECTROSCOPE SOON SHOWS A PECULIAR OBJECT FLOATING A FEW MILES FROM THE EXPLODED SHIP.



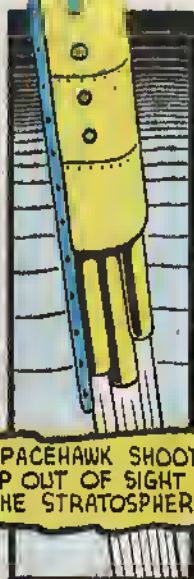
AS HE APPROACHES, IT BOBS UNDER THE SURFACE --



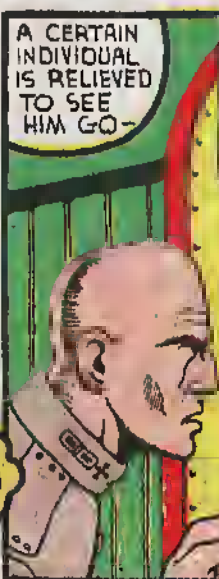
VERY STRANGE! WHATEVER THAT THING IS, IT WENT UNDER BECAUSE I WAS APPROACHING IT! IF I LEAVE, PERHAPS --



SPACEHAWK SHOOTS UP OUT OF SIGHT IN THE STRATOSPHERE.

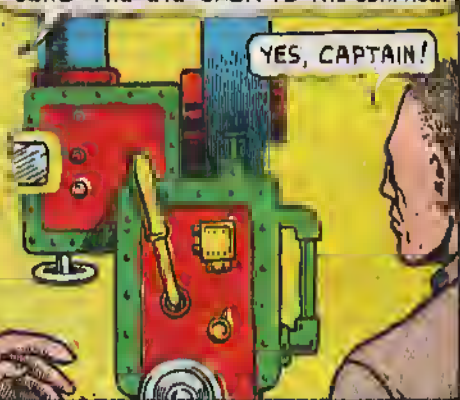


A CERTAIN INDIVIDUAL IS RELIEVED TO SEE HIM GO --

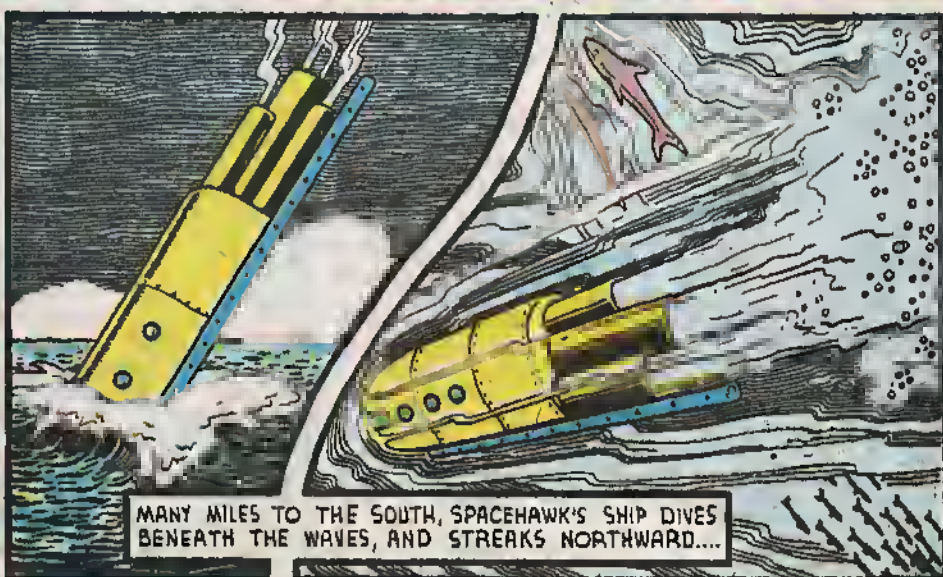


A WINGLESS AIRPLANE PROPELLED BY ROCKETS! SURELY THE AMERICANS DO NOT HAVE SUCH A CRAFT! BUT IT IS GONE NOW! NOTHING CAN STOP OUR SINKING EVERY SHIP THAT COMES WITHIN MILES OF HERE! SEND THE EYE BACK TO THE SURFACE!

YES, CAPTAIN!



AHA! NOW IT'S ON THE SURFACE AGAIN! I'M GOING BACK DOWN THERE, AND THIS TIME I'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

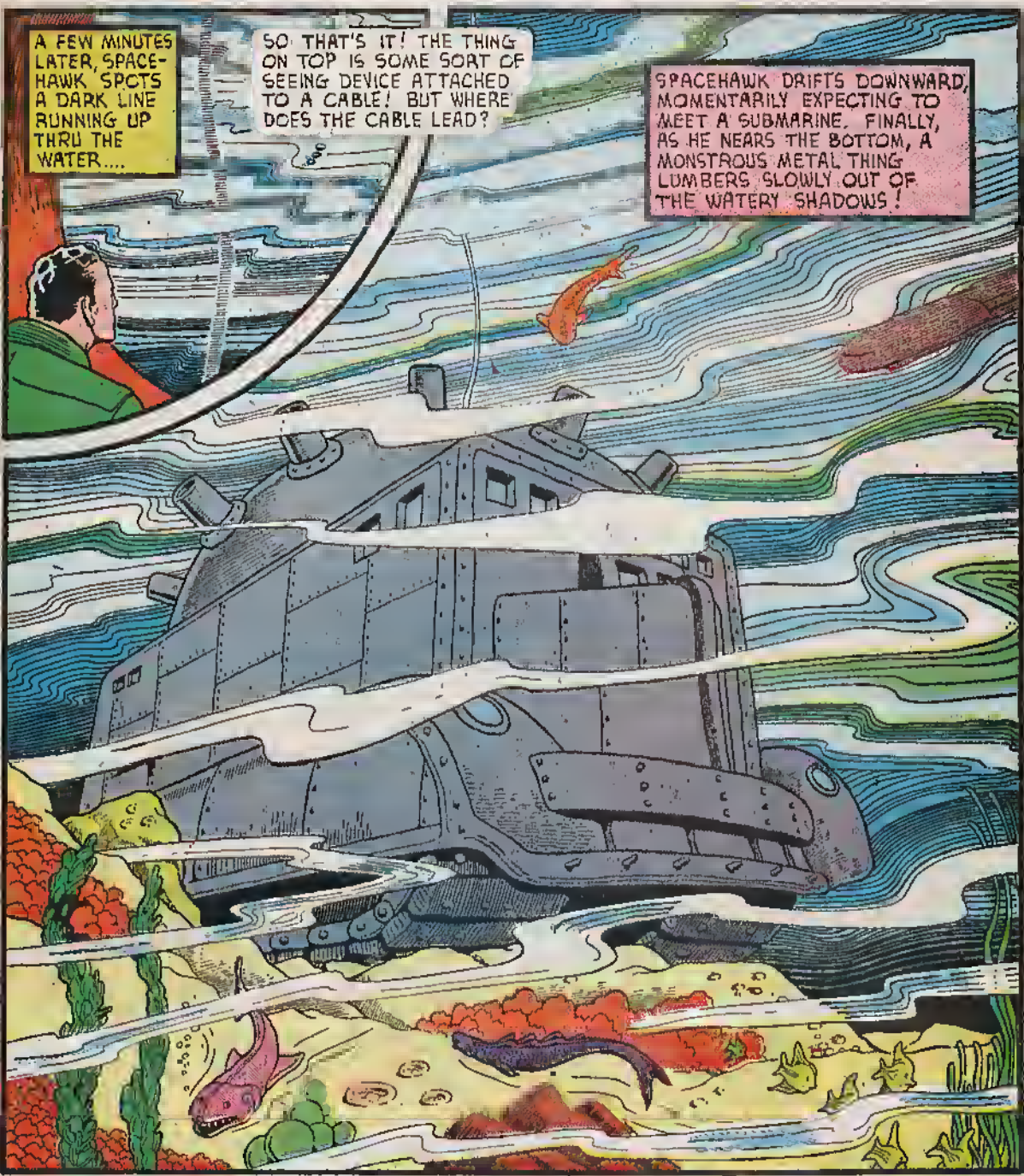


MANY MILES TO THE SOUTH, SPACEHAWK'S SHIP DIVES BENEATH THE WAVES, AND STREAKS NORTHWARD...

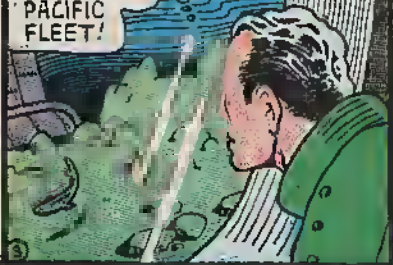
A FEW MINUTES LATER, SPACE-HAWK SPOTS A DARK LINE RUNNING UP THRU THE WATER....

SO THAT'S IT! THE THING ON TOP IS SOME SORT OF SEEING DEVICE ATTACHED TO A CABLE! BUT WHERE DOES THE CABLE LEAD?

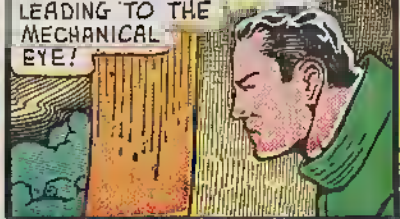
SPACEHAWK DRIFTS DOWNWARD, MOMENTARILY EXPECTING TO MEET A SUBMARINE. FINALLY, AS HE NEARS THE BOTTOM, A MONSTROUS METAL THING LUMBERS SLOWLY OUT OF THE WATERY SHADOWS!



A GIANT UNDERSEA TANK! IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE! WHY - SUCH A MACHINE COULD SINK THE WHOLE PACIFIC FLEET!



IT'S HEADED TOWARD THE CANAL. IF THE MEN INSIDE IT AREN'T AWARE THAT A WHOLE FLEET OF BATTLESHIPS IS HEADED THIS WAY, THEY'LL SOON DISCOVER IT! I MUST CUT THAT CABLE LEADING TO THE MECHANICAL EYE!



I DON'T DARE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO LET THEM SEE MY SHIP! I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT THERE IN A SPACE SUIT!

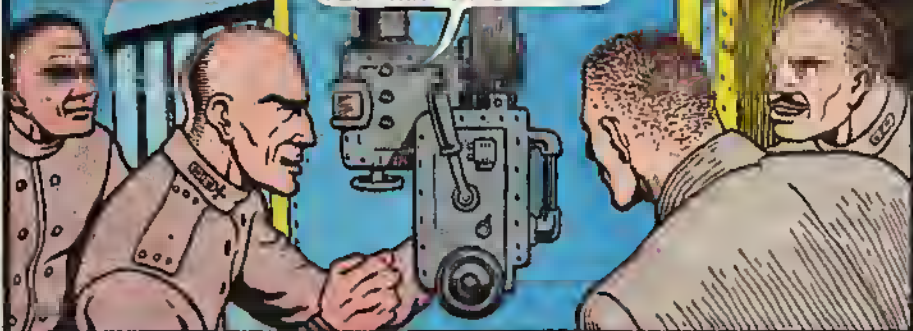


MEANWHILE, THE MECHANICAL EYE AT THE SURFACE BRINGS A WELCOME SIGHT TO THE OFFICERS OF THE UNDERSEA TANK.

A FLEET OF AMERICAN WARSHIPS IS COMING! THIS IS OUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY — OUR CHANCE TO SERIOUSLY CRIPPLE THE UNITED STATES' FORCES IN ONE POWERFUL BLOW! OUR COUNTRY WILL PRAISE US FOR THIS DAY'S WORK!

THIS IS WHAT WE HAVE HOPED FOR, CAPTAIN! IT WILL BE WELL WORTH THE LONG TRIP FROM EUROPE ACROSS THE ROUGH BED OF THE OCEAN!

ATTENTION, TORPEDO STATIONS! LOAD YOUR TUBES, AND STAND BY FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!



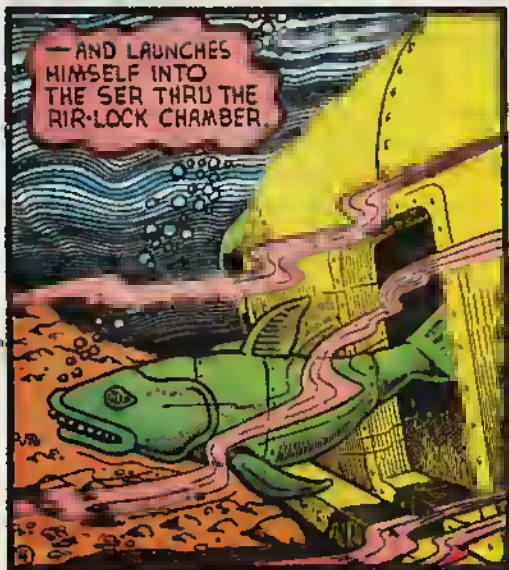
BACK IN THE WORK-SHOP OF HIS SHIP, SPACEHAWK, WITH THE AID OF HIS ROBOTS, SPEEDILY CONSTRUCTS AN INGENUOUS METAL DISGUISE.....



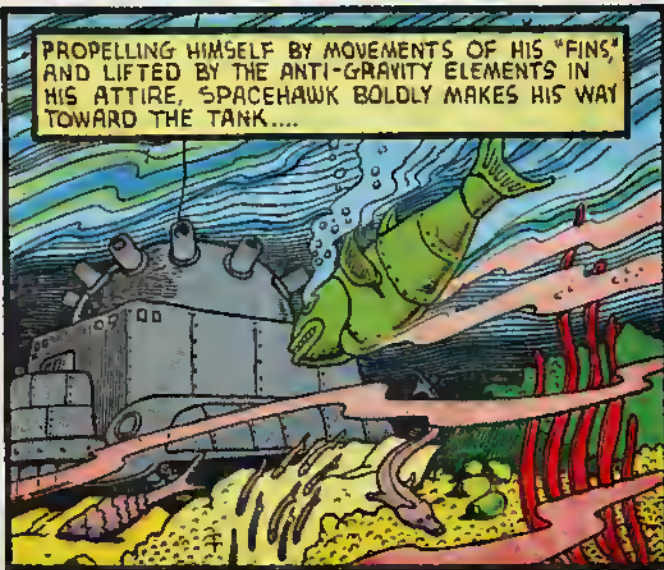
PROTECTED BY SPACE ARMOR, SPACEHAWK GETS INTO THE FISH-LIKE FIGURE —



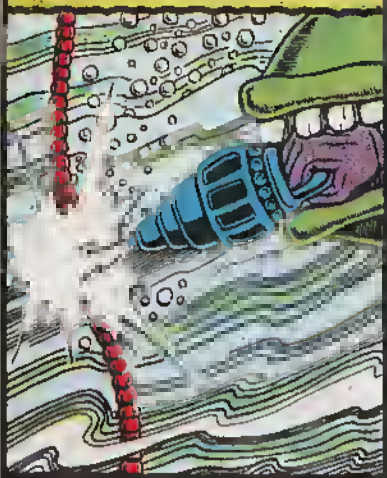
— AND LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO THE SEA THRU THE AIR-LOCK CHAMBER.



PROPELLING HIMSELF BY MOVEMENTS OF HIS "FINS," AND LIFTED BY THE ANTI-GRAVITY ELEMENTS IN HIS ATTIRE, SPACEHAWK BOLDLY MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE TANK....



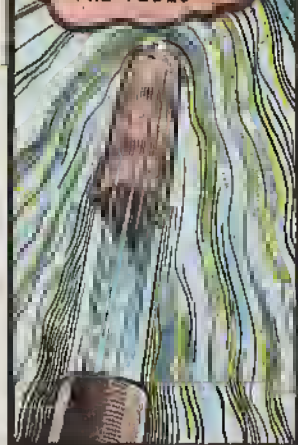
SLOWLY HE SWIMS UP TO THE EYE LINE, AND SEVERES IT WITH A BLAST FROM HIS HIGH PRESSURE ELECTRON TORCH.....



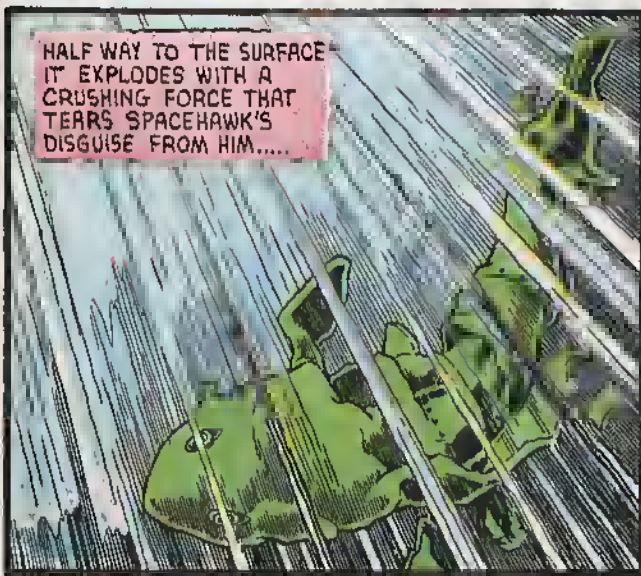
THE SCREEN IS BLANK! FISH MUST HAVE TANGLED WITH THE LINE AGAIN! BEFORE YOU SEND UP ANOTHER EYE, I'LL GIVE THOSE FINNY DEVILS A GOOD DOSE OF CONCUSSION!



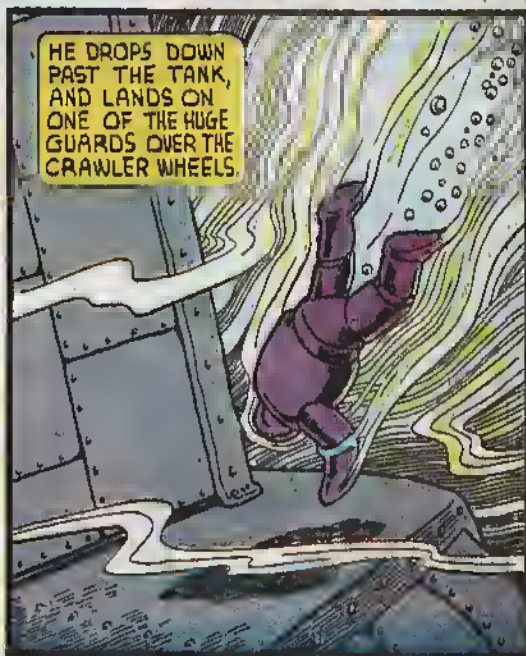
A TORPEDO STREAKS UP FROM ONE OF THE TUBES —



HALF WAY TO THE SURFACE IT EXPLODES WITH A CRUSHING FORCE THAT TEARS SPACEHAWK'S DISGUISE FROM HIM.....



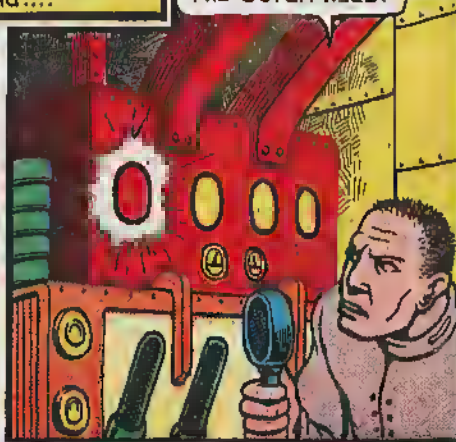
HE DROPS DOWN PAST THE TANK, AND LANDS ON ONE OF THE HUGE GUARDS OVER THE CRAWLER WHEELS.



THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! BUT IF I CAN CUT THRU THIS THICK PLATE WITH THIS TORCH, PERHAPS I CAN STILL GIVE THEM PLENTY OF TROUBLE!



MINUTES DRAG BY. THEN, INSIDE THE TANK, AN ALARM LIGHT BLINKS OUT A WARNING....



OPERATOR SIX REPORTING! WATER IS COMING THRU THE OUTER HULL!

THE COMMANDER BARKS AN ORDER TO REPAIRMEN —

THERE'S A LEAK SOMEWHERE IN THE OUTER HULL! GO OUT AND FIX IT! YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY! WE'LL BE FIRING TORPEDOES VERY SHORTLY!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD
SPACEHAWK IS
SURPRISED TO SEE
A METAL-CLAD
FIGURE ABOVE HIM...

SOMEONE'S COME
TO LOOK FOR
TROUBLE! THIS
IS A BREAK!

THERE SHOULD BE A
WATER-LOCK ENTRANCE AROUND
HERE! AH! HERE IT IS! I'LL
HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON
THEIR LETTING ME IN!

SPACEHAWK
RAPS ON THE
INNER WALL,
THINKING
THAT THE
REPAIRMAN
HAS RETURNED.
THE WATER-LOCK
OPERATOR
CLOSES THE
OUTER DOOR,
DRAINS THE
LOCK, AND
OPENS THE
INNER DOOR.
TERROR GRIPS
HIM AS THE
STRANGE FIGURE
LEAPS OUT....

HE LEAPS UP AND
HURLS THE
REPAIRMAN OFF
THE TANK....

YOU — YOU AREN'T —

NO, I'M NOT, AND
LET'S LET IT GO AT
THAT!

GUIDED BY HIS
KEEN SENSES,
SPACEHAWK
QUICKLY
SEEKS OUT
THE
COMMANDER'S
POST....

KINDLY STEP ASIDE,
CAPTAIN! I'D LIKE TO
TAKE A LOOK THRU
THAT GADGET!

HUH?
WHAT'S THIS?

WHO — WHO ARE YOU?
MEN! WHERE DID THIS
FELLOW COME FROM?
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

HMM! THE FLEET IS
NEARLY OVERHEAD!
I'VE ARRIVED JUST
IN TIME!

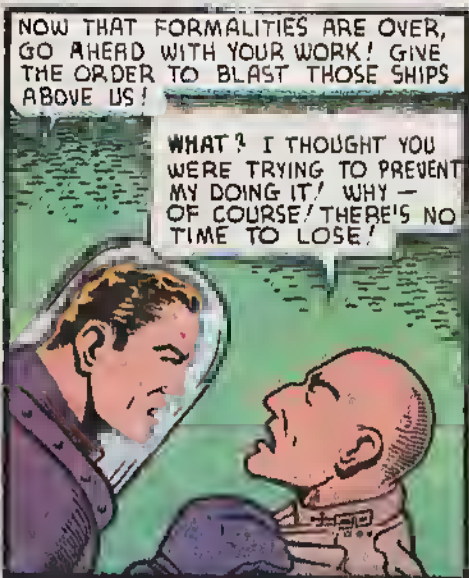


BEAT IT! THE CAPTAIN AND I NEED PRIVACY!



THIS WILL FIX YOU!

DON'T BE SILLY! THIS QUARTZ HELMET IS REALLY TOUGH!

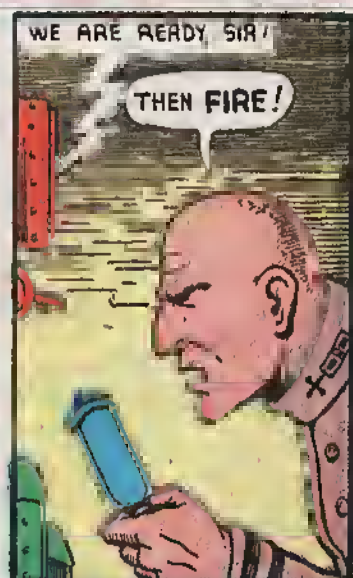


NOW THAT FORMALITIES ARE OVER, GO AHEAD WITH YOUR WORK! GIVE THE ORDER TO BLAST THOSE SHIPS ABOVE US!

WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING TO PREVENT MY DOING IT! WHY - OF COURSE! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

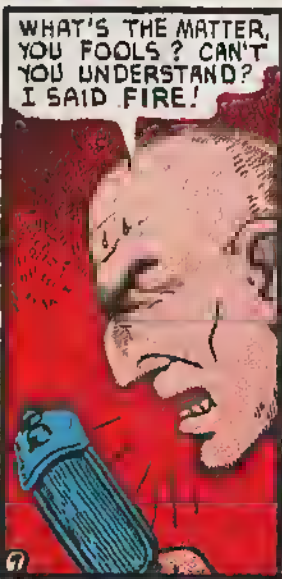


ATTENTION, TORPEDO STATIONS! CHECK YOUR RANGES, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

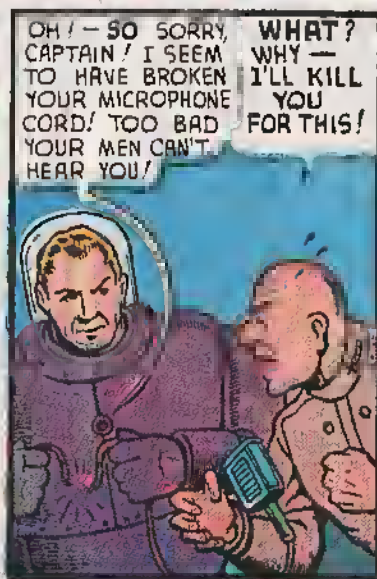


WE ARE READY, SIR!

THEN FIRE!

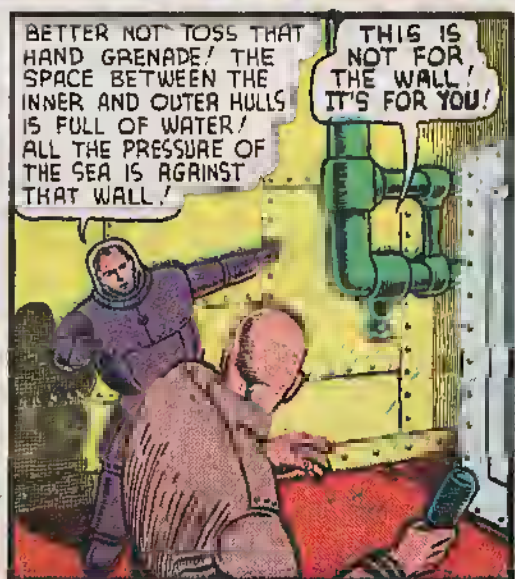


WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU FOOLS? CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I SAID FIRE!



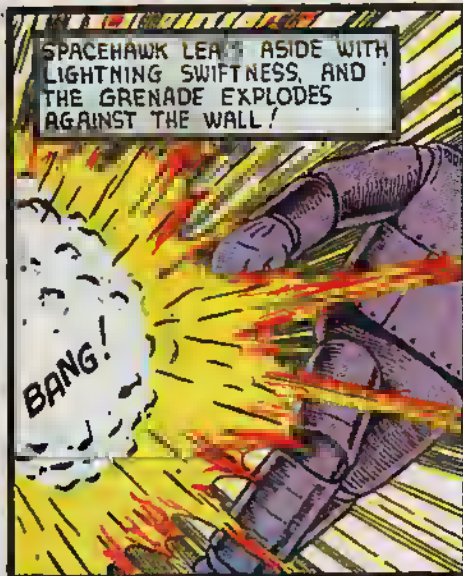
OH! - SO SORRY, CAPTAIN! I SEEM TO HAVE BROKEN YOUR MICROPHONE CORD! TOO BAD YOUR MEN CAN'T HEAR YOU!

WHAT? WHY - I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!



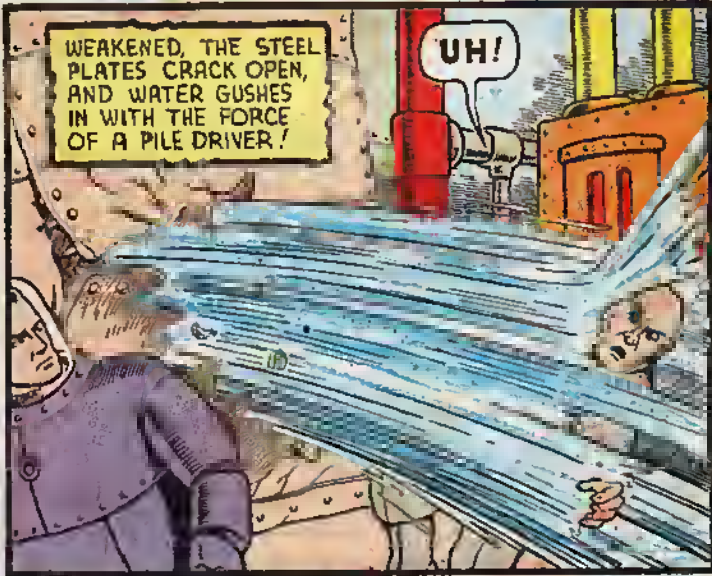
BETTER NOT TOSS THAT HAND GRENADE! THE SPACE BETWEEN THE INNER AND OUTER HULLS IS FULL OF WATER! ALL THE PRESSURE OF THE SEA IS AGAINST THAT WALL!

THIS IS NOT FOR THE WALL! IT'S FOR YOU!



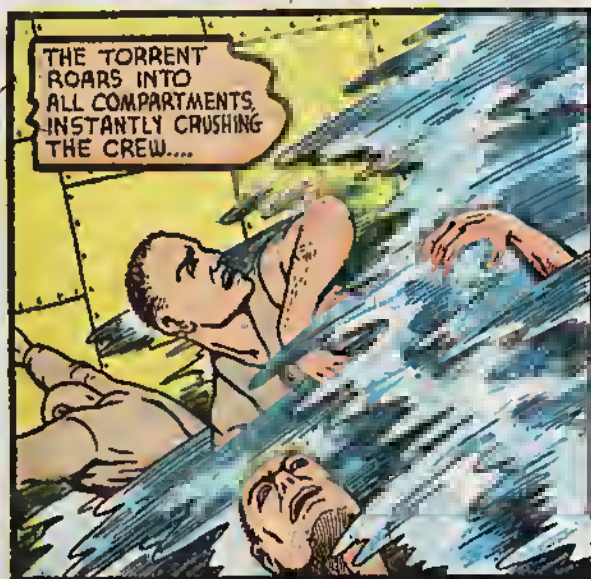
SPACEHAWK LEAPS ASIDE WITH LIGHTNING SWIFTNESS, AND THE GRENADE EXPLODES AGAINST THE WALL!

BANG!

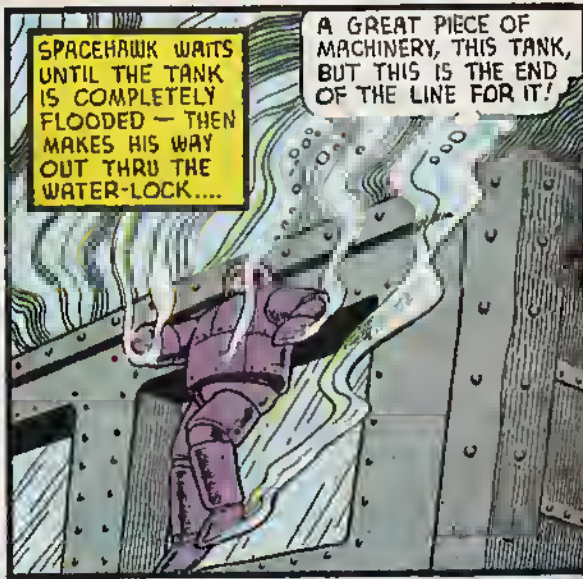


WEAKENED, THE STEEL PLATES CRACK OPEN, AND WATER GUSHES IN WITH THE FORCE OF A PILE DRIVER!

UH!



THE TORRENT ROARS INTO ALL COMPARTMENTS, INSTANTLY CRUSHING THE CREW....



SPACEHAWK WAITS UNTIL THE TANK IS COMPLETELY FLOODED — THEN MAKES HIS WAY OUT THRU THE WATER-LOCK....

A GREAT PIECE OF MACHINERY, THIS TANK, BUT THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR IT!



AS HIS SHIP EMERGES FROM THE SEA, SPACEHAWK SEES THE PACIFIC FLEET CONTINUING EASTWARD...



WONDER WHAT THE MEN ON THOSE SHIPS WOULD THINK IF THEY COULD KNOW WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED TO THEM?



Next Month

SPACEHAWK GETS HIS HANDS ON A FOREIGN DICTATOR..... AND THINGS HAPPEN!

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

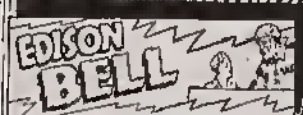
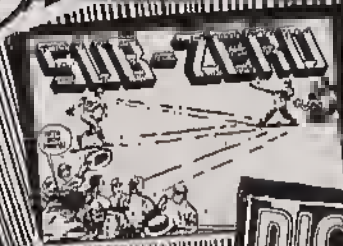
TARGET COMICS

LIGHTNING

STRIKES EVERY MONTH IN THE SAME PLACE!

IN

BLUE BOLT

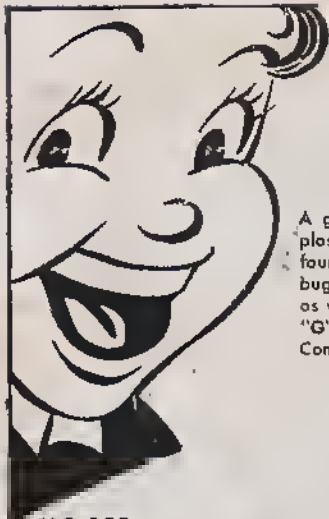


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GENE AUTRY SCARF

An official Gene Autry Button FREE with each Scarf order.

Hundreds of boys have already ordered their Gene Autry Scarfs. Hurry your order to us. All-royon, 20-21" square, rolled edges, hand finished corners, washable. Assorted colors **35c**

This model, designed by Roy Nelder, won the Moffett Trophy twice, in 1938 and 1940. It must be one of the best — if not the world's best — model airplane.



ROY NELDER and his MOFFETT TROPHY WINNER

**ABSOLUTELY
one of
the biggest bar-
gains ever offered
in the model
field plan.**

MO-156

25c
(material extra)



MO-155

THROAT- LITE

35c

Swell for throat examination and a practical light for mechanics too. Will light up any small space in radio set. You can unscrew LUCITE rod and presto! — you have a flashlight.

MO-124



More popular than ever. Carries coins in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket. Cord pocket at each end. Snap fastener. State initial to be stamped.

**RUBBERIZED LEATHER
(MO 124) 35c**

**GUARANTEED ALL LEATHER
(MO 124A) 47c**

Sell FIVE billfolds (MO 124) for \$1.75—or (MO 124A) for \$2.35 — and we'll send one for yourself free . . . or . . . sell six — send same amount as quoted above — keep remaining cash for yourself.

You can build a model airplane just like Roy's that might win your local competition. All you need to do is . . . lay the plans on a flat surface cut out your balsa wood and paper just as instructed. Then fit them together. It's worlds of fun!

Send Your Order and Remittance to

Treasure House Dept.

115 West 19th Street
New York, N. Y.

NOVELTY PRESS INC.

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